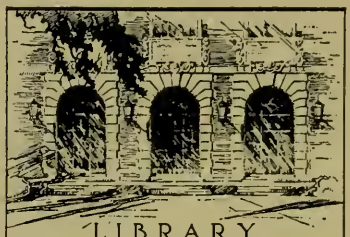

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THE

IRISHWOMAN

IN

LONDON.

CHAPTER VII.

History of Miss Von ———. A Lady obtains a Husband in the King's Bench—Doctrines of Modern Philosophy useful in silencing impertinent Remonstrances.—Mrs. Mortimer becomes a fine Lady.

"FOURTEEN or fifteen years ago," said Mrs. Maxwell, "Mrs. Sandby, a benevolent, but eccentric friend of mine, and her niece, were passing through the town of ———. At the

inn where they stopped for the night, the tea was brought in by the lady whom you yesterday had the *honour* of dining with.

" ' Is it possible?' cried I.

" ' Even so, my dear,' said she; ' but don't interrupt me.'

"After begging pardon for the liberty she took, she told the ladies her situation was peculiarly distressing. She was, she said, a native of Holland, which country she had been induced to leave by a lady who became acquainted with her through visiting at the house of a friend of hers. She stated that her parents were dead—they had been people of respectability, but died poor, and she depended on the bounty of an aunt who was very ill-tempered.

" The lady whom she accompanied from Holland, told her she was a woman of fortune, and offered her a situ-

ation as her companion, which she accepted, and they came to England together; but when they stopped at this inn, her protectress received some letters, and saying she would return in a few days, left her; though some months had elapsed, she had never heard from her since.

"In this distress, the people of the inn had consented to her staying with them, and gave her her board, on condition that she would make herself useful. She had always heard, she said, that the English were a good and humane people, and she thought by telling her story to any ladies that came there, she might be fortunate enough to meet with a friend who would have the charity to recommend her to some more eligible situation.

"This story, related with the most perfect appearance of truth and simplicity, made its way at once to the

benevolent heart of Mrs. Sandby; there was one circumstance, however, that a little staggered her. Miss Von ——— had represented herself as having had an excellent education, yet her manners were very vulgar

"The people of the inn corroborated her having been left there, but seemed to think the person who brought her, treated her more as a servant than a companion.

"Mrs. Sandby thought it a cruel thing to leave her destitute among strangers, whatever situation she might have held; and saying she would consider what could be done for her, gave her five guineas, and told her in the morning she would perhaps be able to settle some plan for her future welfare.

"Miss Von ——— expressed her gratitude in very strong, if not well chosen terms, and left the room.

" ' What can we do for this poor thing, Letitia?' said Mrs. Sandby to her niece.

" ' Do!' replied the young lady. ' Really, ma'am, I think you have already done very well. If every body to whom she tells her tale, does as much, I fancy she will have no cause to regret leaving Holland.'

" ' Pooh! pooh! the girl must not go begging either,' replied the benevolent aunt. ' I am thinking, Letitia, as you are fond of foreigners, and as she certainly may make as good a *femme de chambre* as a French woman, suppose you take her; you will lose Brune next month you know.'

" ' I must beg to be excused, ma'am,' replied Miss Curtis; ' she seems a strange awkward creature, who I am sure I should not at all like. If I might presume to advise you, it would be not to trouble yourself

any farther about her. You have done all that the strictest charity requires, and all indeed, in my opinion, that you can do, for we certainly don't want her.'

" 'But she certainly wants us or some body else with humanity, to assist her, and spirit enough to be active in doing it. My education does not enable me to judge of her acquirement, and you don't seem inclined to take the trouble; but, however, I'll take her to London. If my friend Kleber thinks her clever, we will try what we can do to get her a respectable situation; at all events, we cannot be at a loss to procure her a better than her present.'

" The worthy Mrs. Sandby lost no time in putting her plan into execution.

" Miss Von ———'s preparations for the journey were soon made; she

had indeed nothing to pack up, having, as she said, left her clothes behind her at Amsterdam.

"Immediately on her arrival, Mrs. Sandby introduced Miss Von ——— to Mr. Kleber. He was a man of very great information, and soon perceived the young lady's deficiencies; indeed they were glaring.

"'Your *protegée* is an ignorant Dutchwoman,' said he to Mrs. Sandby, 'but wherever she acquired it, she has certainly great knowledge of music; she can jabber French too, fluently, if not grammatically. Suppose we try to impose on the public, and get her a situation as governess in some family. There are hundreds of wealthy vulgar fools with whom women of sense and real information would be miserable, that this girl's qualifications will exactly suit. Her manners indeed are vulgar, but that

may be corrected by time; she has art enough to make the most of the little she does know; and I do not think her deficient in capacity. I know 'tis your hobby-horse to patronize, and for this once, I will assist you.'

" Mrs. Sandby agreed. — Miss Von ——— was placed by her in a creditable family. She advertised and took care to profess to teach every thing.

" Mrs. Rappee, the wife of a citizen who had retired from business, wanted a governess to educate her four daughters, and being of an economical turn, she wished it to be done without the assistance of masters. Two or three governesses to whom she had applied, had declined to teach French, English, and Italian, music, dancing, drawing, geography, and the use of the globes, together with the tambourine, and the endless catalogue of painting

on velvet, filligree, and fine works, on the plea that the task of instructing four young ladies in such *various* accomplishments was too much for one person solely to undertake, which, as Mrs. Rappee observed, was the most *nonsensicalest* thing in the world, for whatever people had *larned,* to be sure they could teach; and as nobody could be accomplished without knowing *all that there,* it followed of course that every accomplished person must be capable of instructing others in those acquirements, various as they were.

"The showy advertisement of Miss Von ——— caught the good lady's attention. 'Here,' said she to her husband, 'here is the very person we want. I'll go to her directly. Such a woman as this will be soon snapped up, I warrant me.'

"She lost no time in waiting on Miss Von ———, who readily agreed to all

the good lady required, Italian only excepted, of which she said her knowledge was at present too slight to teach it, (in this particular she was correct, for she did not know half a dozen words of the language,) but as the rage now was for every thing uncommon, she proposed to substitute Dutch in its place, which, though not, as she observed, so *soft* a language, was infinitely more *nervous,* and being by no means so generally understood, would make the young ladies the envy and admiration of all their acquaintance.

" Mrs. Rappee was in raptures, and considerably exceeded the salary she meant to have given; but she very sensibly observed, that ma'amselles having *good wages* would make her exert herself to render the girls quite *high finished.*

" Mrs. Sandby was rejoiced at the good fortune of her *protegée,* and as

her clothes had never arrived from Amsterdam, generously advanced her money to purchase a wardrobe proper for her new situation.

"Mr. Kleber too, made her a handsome present, and gave her a great deal of good advice; and she entered on her office of preceptress to the Misses Rappee under the happiest auspices.

"The society she mixed with in this family, was not very likely to refine her manners. She contrived to have a few lessons from different masters, and though not possessed of an atom of genius, she had some quickness of apprehension, and a happy assurance; so that she passed with the Rappees for a prodigy of erudition.

"I have told you that she really understood music, and most fortunately for her reputation as governess,

her two eldest pupils were possessed of taste, and a good ear. Their improvement on the piano, under her instructions, was remarkable, and to the fond parents appeared almost super-human; if they did not make equal progress in other branches of knowledge, it *certainly* could not be ma'amselle's fault—her *skill* and *ability* could not be doubted. The girls were tolerably well-looking—of course, in Mrs. Rappee's eyes, amazingly handsome.

"Miss Von——— had art enough to turn this circumstance to her own advantage. Girls so *beautiful* as they were, should not know too much by sitting perpetually poring over maps and books—they would spoil their shapes and complexions; and besides, with their skill in music, and knowledge of French (which they could jabber tolerably fast), a very *slight* insight into other

things was sufficient—and *sufficiently slight* their knowledge was, Heaven knows!

"Miss Von——— spent three years in this family; nor need she then have quitted it, but she took it in her head to make a fortune by teaching music.

"During her residence at Mr. Rappee's, she had very much neglected the good Mrs. Sandby, and Mr. Kleber was dead. The connections she had made at Mr. Rappee's were not likely to be of much service to her; but she had heard every thing was to be done in London by advertising, and she was *partly* right.

"As she had saved some money, she took very elegant lodgings at the west end of the town, and informed the public in the fashionable morning papers, of her intention to teach music at a *fashionable* price; unfor-

tunately she chose to add French also, which was the very worst thing she could have done, as her provincial accent alone would have been a sufficient objection to any people of real fashion.

"Her dashing advertisements indeed brought her some visitors, and had her manners been elegant, it is probable she might have succeeded, as her being a foreigner was a great recommendation; but her bad French, and total want of polish, prevented her obtaining any considerable number of pupils; and in a short time she got involved. If she had not acquired any thing else that distinguishes people of fashion, she had at least learned the art of running in debt with as much facility, and as little consideration of the consequences as any of them. She had, beside, a natural turn for luxury and extravagance.

"When her tradespeople sent in

their bills, and refused longer credit, she coolly said to a female friend, that she must deal with others, for she could not bear to have any thing to do with such *shabby* people. Her lodgings and appearance soon procured her fresh credit; but, alas! the next set of tradespeople were even more *shabby* than the former.

"People in business in England, perhaps lose more by their good-nature than any where else, for they seldom have recourse to legal measures for recovering their money till they find others fail; but a suspicion that you mean to swindle him, rouses John Bull at once, and very naturally too.

"Unfortunately for Miss Von ——— a report of this kind concerning her, was circulated and believed. Her tradespeople took the alarm—they sent in their bills, which were not paid. They arrested her immediately, and

not being able to procure bail, she was sent to the King's Bench; and to make the matter worse, detainers were lodged against her from every person she had dealt with.

"Mrs. Sandby was at this period out of town. To her Miss Von ——— immediately wrote, but that lady was too much disgusted with the ingratitude of her *protegée* to do much for her; she sent her, however, a little money, which was soon expended One by one, she parted with all the valuables she had.

"Mrs. Sandby's letter was so cool, that to apply to her again was not to be thought of.

"Her former friends, the Rappees, were not pleased with her quitting their family; however they gave her a trifle, but it was insufficient to last for any time, and of liberation there were no hopes.

" 'When things are at the worst, they will mend,' is an old adage, and a very true one, as Miss Von ——— found.

" Mr. Mortimer, a man of large property, submitted to go to the Bench sooner than pay a debt he considered unjust.

" Miss Von ——— was at this time reduced to the greatest distress; Mr. Mortimer heard of, and relieved her. He was extremely fond of music; and when he understood her skill in it, he invited her to dinner.

" Miss Von ——— did not think herself in a situation to stand on punctilios; she accepted the invitation.

" Mr. Mortimer had a very fine toned piano. Miss Von ——— was a perfect mistress of that instrument. She played for some hours to the delighted Mr. Mortimer; and when he hoped they would be good neighbours

in future, very frankly said it would give her much pleasure.

"There are many ways to the heart of man. Miss Von ——— was not very young, and certainly not very handsome; her manners too, were unpolished. But Mr. Mortimer was a plain man—he was fond of music, without having any skill in it; but he was still more passionately attached to botany, to the study of which he had devoted much time.

"Miss Von——— and Mr. Mortimer became very neighbourly, and that lady discovered the study of botany was the most enchanting thing in the world. She wished to set about learning it in earnest, and Mr. Mortimer very *naturally* offered to become her instructor.

"We have all a weak side. Mr. Mortimer's was his skill in botany, and Miss Von ——— soon found out,

Linnæus himself was but a pupil in the science, compared to Mr. Mortimer; he, in return, discovered that she was an amazingly sensible woman, knew how properly to appreciate merit, and above all, *never* flattered. When tired of the Linnæan system, (as even the pleasantest things will tire,) the piano was always resorted to, to fill up the long winter's evening.

"Mr. Mortimer, though of large fortune, had few connections. Miss Von ———'s society was, therefore, really an acquisition to him. He was not a little shocked when accident discovered to him it was the general belief in the prison that she was his mistress. Miss Von ——— had always endeavoured to render herself agreeable to him, but her behaviour had always been remarkably correct, and as he was by no means a vain man, it never entered his head that she was

in love with him; he liked her society most certainly, but matrimony was a yoke he had escaped for fifty-five years of his life, and he had not any intention to put it on.

"What, however, was to be done. Mr. Mortimer was an honest man, and an honest man in such a case, cannot temporise with his conscience. Miss Von ———, it is true, could not be ignorant of the predicament in which she placed herself by visiting him, but before she had done so, the world had nothing to say against her on the score of chastity; but though she was still a vestal for any thing he knew to the contrary, her character was now completely gone. A man of the world, in such a situation, would have said it was her own fault, and she must abide the consequence; but Mr. Mortimer was not a man of the world—he thought it the duty of every

man who was the means, however innocently, of depriving a woman of the most precious thing she had to lose, to repair the mischief as far as it was in his power; and on her next visit, he, without circumlocution, made her an offer of marriage, which was joyfully accepted, and immmediately celebrated.

"The newspapers were full of witticisms on the occasion, but like every other nine days' wonder, it soon ceased to excite either curiosity or surprise.

"Mr. Mortimer immediately paid all his lady's debts, and thinking, as I suppose, that the rosy fetters of Hymen were a sufficient bondage without being cooped up in a prison into the bargain, he compromised the demand for which he went to the Bench, and removed with his lady to an elegant house in the vicinity of Portman Square.

"Mr. Mortimer had looked for-

ward to comfort and domestic peace in an union with Miss Von ———, and from the motives which had induced him to marry her, he certainly had a right to expect them. Unfortunately for him, her temper and disposition were diametrically opposite to his, and he soon found that the woman, who, previous to his marriage with her, was happy in devoting her whole time to his amusement, now found great difficulty in favouring him with an occasional half hour's conversation.

" Mr. Mortimer ventured gently to remonstrate, but he was heard with inattention, as he had honestly told his wife, before he made her such, that his object in marrying was to secure an affectionate and attentive companion for the remainder of his days ; and as she had not been sparing in profession of the highest regard, attachment, &c. he conceived himself very ill treated,

and one day talked very seriously to his lady about her ingratitude. But here she struck him dumb at once. She was a disciple of the new school, and she poured forth such an inundation of high sounding periods, for which she was indebted to Godwin, about the immorality of gratitude, and the shameful absurdity of any man's expecting to be thanked for monopolizing a pretty woman to himself, that she fairly confounded Mr. Mortimer. He observed indeed, when she stopped to take breath, that her opinions had undergone a wonderful change lately; she did not in the King's Bench, seem to consider marriage as an odious monopoly, and though she now spoke of gratitude as a principle that could only exist in the most degraded minds, she had then declared it was her wish to prove by every affectionate attention

to him, how strongly she felt its influence.

"The lady was at no loss for a reply. She acknowledged and gloried in the change of her opinions—a change, she said, which proceeded entirely from a conviction of the perfectibility of human nature, when unrestrained by prejudice and superstition.

"The great object of our lives ought to be general utility; and how was it possible for any attentions she might pay to a being so ignorant and prejudiced as himself, to conduce to that great end?

"Mr. Mortimer's temper was as warm as his heart. He was by no means inclined to consider himself either ignorant or prejudiced, and he very highly resented being told so by his enlightened rib; neither could he

understand how a woman, by devoting her whole time to dissipation, could conduce to general utility. But Mrs. Mortimer proved the truth of her proposition by observing, that in the extended circle in which she moved, she had an opportunity of disseminating principles, and overturning prejudices. She was going on, but a glance at her watch told her she should be late for the celebrated Mrs. C——'s sale; and she quitted Mr. Mortimer with a promise of resuming, at some future and more *convenient* opportunity, the glorious task of erasing from the mind of a fellow being, 'All the nurse and all the priest had taught.'

"The subject was resumed, but not at all to the satisfaction of either party. Poor Mr. Mortimer, though not deficient in common sense, was perfectly unable to reply to the multifarious sophisms which his wife brought for-

ward in support of her opinions; and as she never had the candour tc acknowledge that she was indebted for them all to Mr. Godwin and his *worthy* fellow labourers in the vineyard of infidelity, he began to give her credit for a much higher degree of understanding than he had before supposed she possessed, and though it was utterly impossible for him to adopt her opinions, he thought it the wisest way to leave her in quiet possession of them, which, in fact, was all she wanted; notoriety was her aim, and as neither her person or manners were calculated to make her *talked* of, she thought the adoption of the new system of philosophy might bring her into notice; nor was she mistaken. The whole town went to eat her excellent suppers, and to laugh at the giver of them, who, while decked in all the glittering paraphernalia of

fashion, and appearing the presiding goddess in the temple of luxury, descanted largely on the virtues of frugality and temperance, and envied the Spartans their black broth at the moment she was swallowing dainties, the price of which would have maintained a poor family for weeks.

"By an inconsistency very common in these modern sages, Mrs. Mortimer was not a little pleased at the attentions paid her by a few women of title, who meant to indemnify themselves for the trouble of being civil to her, by the money which their superior skill in cards gave them a chance of obtaining from her.

"Mr. Mortimer's consequence as a man of family, together with his very large fortune, and his wife's indiscriminate profusion in lavishing it, soon made her, as I have told you, received

every where. She has long since dropped her philosopic jargon, and is content with the character which she conceives she has obtained of being a woman of high fashion, though from the number of years she has been in the habit of mixing with well-bred people, one would suppose she must have acquired some polish; yet her manners are, as you see, still coarse, though affected to excess, and notwithstanding she knows, from her long acquaintance with it, every etiquette of fashionable life, nobody of any discernment would ever *mistake* her for a gentlewoman.

"Mr. Maxwell was the particular friend of Mr. Mortimer, who introduced his wife to me soon after her marriage, and for what reason I cannot tell you, she has done me the honor to keep up the connexion ever since; and now, my dear," said Mrs. Max-

well, "I have done, and I fancy my *full* and *true* account of this woman's history has pretty well tired your patience."

I assured her that was not by any means the case.

"And now, dear madam," said I, "may I ask you, as we both agree in opinion about Mrs. Mortimer, on whom I am sure dependence would be positive misery, what step can I take to procure a situation?"

"Why, my dear," said she, "you must have patience."

"Yes; but," returned I, "I hate patience. Consider, dear madam, I am of a nation by no means remarkable for that virtue. But to speak seriously, as I *must* go into the world, I would wish to do so as immediately as possible. The history of Miss Von——— has taught me that much may be done by advertising. You

have kindly promised me a recommendation, and if nothing speedily offers, I think I had better try my fortune in that way."

"So you can," said Mrs. Maxwell; "but I think you had better allow yourself a little time first. I will make every enquiry for you; and as the town is now remarkably full, I dare say we shall soon hear of something that will suit. Till we do, you must make yourself as comfortable as you can. I shall expect you to be as much with me as possible, and I will do all in my power to shew you the lions."

"You are very good, dear madam," said I; "indeed I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't you?" replied she. "I am glad of it, for I hate thanks, and in this instance I don't merit any, as to say the truth, I am really very sel-

fish. And now, dear Miss Cunningham, I must run away from you, for I have some calls to make, and gossiping about Mrs. Mortimer has made me pay you an unconscionable visit;" and she took her leave.

CHAP. VIII.

An Advertisement and its consequences—I visit Lady S———. My reception from her Ladyship.—My skill in physiognomy proved incontestibly—A singular Character—An Author devoid of vanity, affectation, or self-conceit—I am introduced to Mrs. Belmont.

Some time passed pleasantly enough. Mrs. Mortimer introduced me to a few of her intimate friends, whom I found very agreeable, and I should have been much happier than at any period since I lost my parents, but for

one circumstance, which was want of money; my wardrobe was a good one, but some few additions I had been forced to make to it in order to look like other people, together with expenses which I had not foreseen, had almost rendered me a bankrupt.

I had by this time, got on the most intimate terms with the good Mrs. Dalton, and I determined to consult with her what was best to be done.

Mrs. Maxwell had been suddenly sent for to a sick friend at Cheltenham, and was not expected in London for some time.

"You cannot be at a loss, my dear Miss Cunningham," said Mrs. Dalton, when I told her my situation. "Your credit with me, you know, is unlimited. (I had hitherto, much against the good woman's will, insisted on paying regularly for my board),

and any money you may want, I can supply you with."

I thanked her for an offer so truly friendly, and said, if obliged to do, I would accept it without scruple; but I thought it the wisest thing I could do to immediately advertise; and as she agreed with me, I drew up one directly, which I took myself to the ——— office.

The clerk promised it a speedy insertion, but could not, he said, tell me what particular day I might depend on seeing it.

With this general promise I was obliged to be content. Nearly a fortnight, however, passed, before it appeared, and during three days I had not a single application.

My suspense and anxiety was indescribable. On the morning of the fourth, when I had utterly given up

all hope, I received a note from a lady in Welbeck Street, desiring to see me immediately.

To Welbeck Street I went, in a state of mind which you, my dear Charlotte, can form no adequate idea of. Figure to yourself a being such as at that period I was—haughty and high-spirited to excess—shrinking with terror from even slight obligations to my friends, yet obliged to solicit a dependent situation, and trembling lest I should be unable to obtain it.

Half my fears were dispelled by the sight of Mrs. Dormer, the lady from whom I had received the note. Her manners were extremely pleasing, and her countenance benevolence itself.

When I entered, she was engaged in a conversation with a gentleman, who, in a few moments after took his leave.

During this short time, my ima-

gination was not idle. I was charmed with Mrs. Dormer, and without considering the probability of her not being equally pleased with me, I was already in idea one of her family; from her time of life, and matronly style of dress, I concluded she did not mix much in the gay world—a circumstance I by no means regretted.

This delightful reverie was broke in upon by the departure of the gentleman I before mentioned, and the appearance of another, who, from his seeming perfectly at home, I concluded was one of the family.

She then turned to me, and with much sweetness, apologized for the trouble she had given me, as I was much too young to suit her.

Tears of disappointment involuntarily filled my eyes, but pride almost instantly suppressed them.

She continued—"The very retired

manner in which I live, would be, most probably, unpleasant to you."

I could not avoid interrupting her to say I was fond of retirement, and if that was the only objection—I paused. She looked at me with earnestness, and good-humouredly said, "I wish you were thirty years older, though that is a wish you will probably not thank me for; but though I am obliged to repeat, your youth is an insurmountable objection with me, I have friends to whom it will be none; and if you are not immediately suited, it may be in my power to serve you."

I thanked her, and rose to go.

At the same moment, the gentleman who had been present during the conversation, wished her good morning.

"No, Frank," said she, with an arch smile, "I have not done with you.—You will let me see you,"

added she to me, "in three or four days."

I said I would, and took my leave, not a little mortified.

The next morning I was told a gentleman wished to see me. I desired the servant to enquire his name. He bid him tell me he called in consequence of my advertisement.

Wondering what could induce a *gentleman* to call about such a business, I went down to the drawing-room to him.

When I entered, I beheld sitting, or rather lounging on a sofa, the gentleman who had been present during my interview with Mrs. Dormer the day before.

I have told you, my dear Charlotte, that while a very young woman, I never could entirely divest myself with strangers, of that troublesome sensation the French call *mauvaise honte*.

He half rose to receive me, and favoured me with some sort of inclination of the head, which it would be outraging all Chesterfield's ideas of grace to denominate a bow; but instantly re-seating himself, he surveyed me with a degree of freedom that put to flight my timidity, though my face glowed with resentment and contempt when I briefly enough enquired his business.

"I saw you yesterday," drawled he out, "at my aunt's, Mrs. Dormer, and I fancied you seemed disappointed."

I made no reply to this curious speech, and he continued—"You thought your age a strange objection, didn't you? You wouldn't though, if you had known that Nunky is a connoisseur in beauty, and I've a notion that the old lady thought it would not

be politic to throw such a temptation in his way."

He again paused, and assuming a more serious air, added, "I find my aunt is greatly taken with you, and if in her power, I am sure will serve you. Your advertisement, I think, expresses you never have been out in the world."

I replied, I never had.

"You will find being companion to a lady, the most disagreeable thing in life," cried he; "you have no idea of what you will have to go through. The companion of a woman of fashion is literally a slave, and lives under the most despotic of all governments. You conceive that you are, in every respect, to be treated as a gentlewoman, but you do not know the many petty mortifications insupportably galling to a woman of spirit, which you will be obliged to bear."

Too conscious of the justness of this speech, and yet unwilling to acknowledge that I knew it to be true, I answered coldly, I might be more fortunate than he imagined; at all events, if my situation was unpleasant, I could always change it.

"I am concerned to find you deceive yourself," said he. "I have seen more of life," added he, consequentially, "than you can possibly have done, and if you pursue your present plan, you will find my information correct. I felt really interested for you yesterday, and wish to be your friend."

"You are very good, sir," replied I, merely because I did not in fact know *what* to say.

"Good!" answered he; "not at all. You are a very charming girl, and it would be ten thousand pities that you should be bored to death by

some old quiz of a dowager, or worried out of your life by a fantastic girl of quality, who would hate you for being handsomer than herself. With me you will have every pleasure that love and affluence can yield."

"With you!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, my dear," cried he. "Have not I said that I mean to be your friend?"

"Oh! what a prostitution of the word!" said I.

"Heydey! here are heroics!" cried the wretch, attempting to clasp me in his arms.

"Unhand me instantly!" said I. "How dare you presume to take those liberties?" And disengaging myself, I rang the bell violently.

"Very pretty treatment truly," cried he, "from a girl whose circumstances oblige her to go out in the world!"

"They are not so desperate as to oblige me to sell myself to a wretch whom I despise, and who must be equally destitute of good breeding and delicacy thus grossly to insult a woman of whom he has no reason to think unfavourably."

The servant now entered. "Shew this person down stairs," cried I, "and remember you never admit him again."

"Your orders are needless, madam" said he, with a sarcastic sneer; "you shall not be again *insulted* with an offer you have not sufficient judgment to know the value of, but which you will most probably repent having rejected."

He left the room, and for some moments I resigned myself to tears, which wounded pride caused to flow freely.

Mrs. Dalton, who was curious to know the result of his visit, entered while I was yet weeping, and with much solicitude, enquired the cause.

The good woman's indignation when informed of it, more than equalled my own; and if our joint philippic on the immorality of the age, had not much of wit, it was by no means deficient in severity.

"I will insert another advertisement directly," said I; "it may be more fortunate than this, and I think all chance of success through the present, is over."

"Do as you please, my dear child," said Mrs. Dalton; "only don't make yourself unhappy—keep up your spirits, and depend on it, something good will soon happen. I am obliged to go out, which I am very sorry for, as you are not fit to be left by yourself;

suppose you walk to the Library, and get a book to amuse you till my return."

I said I would, and with another injunction to be chearful, she left me.

While I was putting on my hat to go out, the servant brought in the morning papers, which I always carefully examined to see whether Lady S——— was in London.

After my marriage, I had written to her once, which produced such a short and formal reply, that I never answered it.

On coming to London, I learned she was then in Ireland, and not expected to return for some time. I resolved, when she did, to wait on her, for doing which, I had indeed but one reason—that was, to explain to her the motives of my conduct. As to any idea of friendship or patronage from her Ladyship, I well knew there was no hope

of it, but I considered it was not unlikely we might meet by chance, and if not apprized of my change of name, our meeting might be very unpleasant to me.

The Morning Post mentioned the arrival of her Ladyship at her house in Harley Street. She was accompanied by her son, who was just come of age.

I deliberated for some time, whether it would be best for me to write to, or wait on her Ladyship, and at last, fixed on the latter.

I deferred it, however, for a day or two longer, and sat out for the Library. I meant to have extended my walk to the newspaper office, as I intended to repeat my advertisement, but just as I left the house, I met Mrs. Maxwell.

We were mutually pleased to see each other, and the pleasure was greater

on my side, as I had not expected her in town for some time.

I returned with Mrs. Maxwell to Mrs. Dalton's, as she said she wanted to know all about me, to use her own words, and gave the history of my advertisement, and its consequences.

"I wish, with all my heart," cried she, "you had suited Mrs. Dormer, who is one of the best women in the world; I know her intimately, and will make a point of calling on her on your account. As to her puppy of a nephew, he is not worth a thought, and I am ashamed of a spirited Irishwoman like you, to make yourself uneasy for a moment about such a reptile. I am glad I happened to come to town; I see you want a little racketting, and you shall accompany me to-night to the play."

This I declined, and now frankly told Mrs. Maxwell my situation.

"If there was even a chance, my dear," said she, "of tolerable treatment from your husband, I would be the first to advise you to return to him; but from your account of his character I do not think there is. I regret exceedingly that you are married—young, and without a compliment, beautiful as you are, you might have done well."

"I shall do well, dear madam," said I, "if I can but obtain such a situation as I wish."

"And that I have no doubt of your doing," said she; "but as I know you are not *exactly* qualified for a lady's companion, of which situation I am afraid Dormer's description is too just—what think you of going as governess? I don't mean in the style of Miss Von ———, to teach your pupils every thing; but with your acquirements, you would, I am sure,

obtain a situation of that sort in a short time, and I am much mistaken if you would not give it a decided preference to the other."

I perfectly acquiesced in her opinion, and she advised me to take the earliest opportunity of waiting on Lady S———, and then took her leave.

To Lady S———'s house I accordingly went on the following morning. I told the servant, a young lady from Ireland, requested the honour of a few minutes conversation, if her Ladyship was alone.

I was admitted. Her Ladyship's surprise was evidently much greater than her pleasure at seeing me.

"Really, Mrs. O'Gorman," said she, "after your disgraceful conduct in eloping from your husband in so strange a manner, I must own I little expected this visit."

"I did myself the honour of waiting on your Ladyship," returned I, "to explain to you the circumstances that compelled me to take the step I did."

"There is no explanation necessary to me, Mrs. O'Gorman," replied she; "you are your own mistress. I must, however, beg leave to observe to you, I can by no means think of patronising a run-a-way wife"——

"Or a poor relation," added I, mentally.

"It was far from my intention to solicit your Ladyship's patronage," said I; "I have no other favour to beg of you than simply that of being heard."

She bowed in silence, and I rapidly went through the principal causes I had of complaint from my husband, and what I had determined to do in consequence. I mentioned the friend-

ship Mrs. Maxwell had treated me with, and my hopes of soon obtaining a situation through her recommendation.

When I had concluded, her ladyship blamed my conduct *in toto;* my proceedings, she said, were equally romantic and improper. If I had cause to complain of Mr. O'Gorman, why not seek to obtain a legal separation? He must then have allowed me a maintenance, and I need not be obliged to degrade myself and my family by a state of dependance. But if I had followed her advice, nothing of all this would have happened, and as the wife of the *worthy* Mr. M'Laughlin, I might have been happy and respectable.

When I recollected that her Ladyship's countenancing M'Laughlin's proposals was the cause of my present unhappy situation, and that solely

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through her, I had rushed upon Scylla to avoid Charybdis, I felt a sensation of indignation which I could with difficulty repress.

I coldly replied, my consolation under a very severe trial was, that I had not myself to blame; and having completed the object of my visit in the explanation I had had the honour to give her Ladyship of my conduct, I would wish her a good morning, and with a formal courtesy, as formally returned, we parted.

I found Mrs. Maxwell waiting for me.

"Well, my dear," said she, "I don't ask the result of your visit, I see it in your countenance. Her Ladyship would rather you had remained in Ireland, and put up with all Mr. O'Gorman's ill-treatment, than let her see you here in a situation to want her assistance; but surely she had huma-

nity enough to offer it in order to procure you a legal separation from him."

"Indeed you are mistaken," said I, recounting to her the particulars of my visit.

"Well," cried she, "this exceeds even my expectations. Thank Heaven, dear girl, if you have no relations, you have friends. I came on purpose to tell you Mrs. Dormer is quite in love with you. A relation of hers, a worthy and sensible man, who is rather unfortunate in a second marriage, wants a governess for a daughter by his former wife. I am very sure you will be admiraby suited to the office, as the young lady will want a companion as much as a preceptress. She is not more than two years younger than yourself, and of a temper the most amiable and ingenuous. Her education has hitherto been neglected, but

her capacity is naturally good, and she possesses a great deal of docility. Her mother-in-law treats her as if she was a perfect child, which gives a degree of timidity to her manners very interesting; in short, I am sure you will like her. Mrs. Dormer's influence with the lady's mother (for the father, poor man, is little better than a cypher) is sufficient to procure you the situation; and if you like, she will introduce you to her to-morrow."

I thanked my kind Mrs. Maxwell, and as my temper is naturally sanguine, pictured to myself all the comforts of such a situation in the most vivid manner. I was the friend and instructress of this sweet girl—she became attached to me. On her marriage, I still remained with her; and surrounded and beloved by her children, I forgot that every social tie was forbidden to myself.

"I would lay a wager," said Mrs. Maxwell, who had attentively observed me for some minutes, "that your reverie is a pleasant one."

"Indeed it is," said I, telling her the subject of it.

"Oh, you little romantic enthusiast," said she. "Pretty castles indeed you are building in the air; but I will own that your temper is too similar to mine in that respect, for me to condemn you. A warm imagination is, in my opinion, one of the greatest blessings we can enjoy. Those indeed who are too wise to be happy, may descant on the folly of forming plans, which the next moment may overturn; but they forget the facility with which our fairy edifices are rebuilt, and surely the disappointments which their failure sometimes occasions, is more than compensated by the pleasure

which we receive from the hope that others may be realized.

Mrs. Dalton, who now entered, was highly pleased at my prospect of success with the Belmont family, and exultingly reminded me of her prophecy, that something good would soon happen.

As I had seen my aunt, Mrs. Maxwell observed, there could be no objection to my accompanying her to the play.

"An old friend, whom you will find a very sensible and pleasing man, with his sister, (who is an honour to the sisterhood of old maids, for though fifty and unmarried, she is as good-humoured and as good-natured as any girl of fifteen,) dine with me, and if you will make it a quartetto, we will all go to the theatre together."

I readily consented, and she left me

happier than I had been since I arrived in London. I was agreeably surprised to find Mrs. Maxwell's friend was my fellow traveller, Mr. Harvey, who told me he had called several times, but never was fortunate enough after the first to find me at home.

His sister perfectly justified Mrs. Maxwell's panegyric, and indeed I thought her one of the pleasantest women I had ever met with.

A noise in the street, after dinner, drove us all to the windows.

Immediately opposite to us, stood Lord ———, of whom I had so freely given my opinion in our first morning's ramble through the Park, talking to the very gentleman we afterwards met in Piccadilly. The subject they were upon seemed to interest the latter very much. He spoke with earnestness, and fixed on his Lordship a pair of the

finest and most expressive eyes I ever saw.

"Oh! my dear," said Mrs. Maxwell, who had also observed him, "there cannot be the smallest doubt of this man's possessing all the cardinal virtues; his eyes alone are sufficient to entitle him to them. To say nothing," continued she, archly, "of the benevolence about the mouth, and all the rest of the Lavaterian art, of which you made *honourable* mention."

"Do you know him?" asked Mr. Harvey.

"No," replied she; "but Miss Cunningham took it in her head that the countenance of Lord ———, who you know is reckoned so uncommonly handsome, had an expression of ill-nature about"——

"Whereabout was it, my dear?"

said she gaily to me, "for I have forgotten."

"Nay, you are really too bad," cried I. "Private conversation you know"——

"Oh! don't be afraid," replied she; "you are in very good hands. Mr. Harvey is as warm a disciple of Lavater as yourself. But to be serious, Miss Cunningham disliked the expression of his Lordship's countenance, and on our return home, meeting this gentleman, she fancifully invested him with sense, genius, and no small share of benevolence into the bargain."

"And she was not mistaken," said Mr. Harvey, emphatically. "Poor George! There is not a nobler-hearted fellow existing."

"You know him then?" said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Intimately," replied Mr. Harvey; "I was his father's friend, and I am his."

"Well, Miss Cunningham," said she, "you are really skilled in your science I find; "but to do you justice, you wear your laurels meekly. But you have established the truth of your theory in part only; I should, however, like to know whether you was equally right with respect to Lord ———. If you was, I think I should be a convert to your system at once."

"My dear madam," said I, "my system is by no means infallible. I am pleased to think that I was right in respect to this gentleman, but I may be equally mistaken as to his Lordship."

"But who is this paragon, Mr. Harvey?" said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Mr. Clairville," replied he.

"Oh! I have heard of him," cried she; "he is monstrous clever, but a very singular man."

"He is indeed," said Mr. Harvey, "a singular character; he is learned without being pedantic, and an author utterly devoid of vanity, affectation, or self-conceit."

"I am really anxious to know more of this strange being, for a strange being he most undoubtedly is; as an author to be without any of the qualities you have mentioned, his history must be a little singular."

"I fancy," said Mrs. Maxwell, "you would find it amusing."

"I dare say," replied Mr. Harvey, "if I could relate it at length. Though still a young man, he has seen a great deal of life, and visited most parts of the globe. He has acquired a large stock of information, which he has

made a blessing to his fellow creatures; easy, elegant, and persuasive, his writings paint virtue and morality in the most captivating colours."

"I declare I should like to be introduced to this wonderful man," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"So you shall before we leave town," cried Miss Harvey.

"You will be disappointed if you expect a *display;* Clairville never *shows* off," said Mr. Harvey. "It is indeed one of his singularities to conceal his knowledge with as much care as other people take to shew theirs. There is nothing remarkable in his manners, except their polish; though generally grave, and at times reserved, he can be lively and even playful; nor are there many men who understand the art of trifling agreeably better. And to crown all——"

"Dear Mr. Harvey, is he a bachelor?" said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Yes," replied he, "and likely, I fancy, to remain so."

"Cupid forbid!" cried she. "No, no; I shall bring forward the whole artillery of my charms. I had intended indeed never to alter my condition, but such a man as this is not to be met with every day. As to his refusing me, that you know is not in the chapter of possibilities; to be sure, I am neither young, handsome, or rich, but these are considerations below a philosophic mind."

"The *last* is indeed below his, for no man on earth, I believe, cares less about money than George Clairville."

"Oh, you spiteful creature!" cried Mrs. Maxwell. "What a malicious emphasis on that *last!* 'Tis as much as to say the man won't dispense with

the two first, and poor I must wear the willow."

"Why you have one chance; he is a prodigious advocate for Platonic love," said he.

"And I am one of its greatest enemies," replied Mrs. Maxwell. "On that point, therefore, it is impossible for us to agree; and as you say he is such an *outré* animal, 'tis probable he might not have sufficient *taste* to be *passionately* enamoured of a woman of fifty, so I'll e'en remain in single blessedness."

Tea was now brought in, and immediately after we went to the theatre.

The play was the production of a fashionable author, and a tolerable caricature of fashionable life; it had some merit.

The evening was very pleasantly

spent; and after fixing an early day for me and herself to dine with the Harveys, Mrs. Maxwell set me down at Mrs. Dalton's.

The next morning Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. Dormer both favoured me with a call. The latter took me in her carriage to Mr. Belmont's.

On our way there, she repeated to me the same account of the family which I had before heard from Mrs. Maxwell, and obligingly expressed her wishes that I might like the situation.

I was surprised when introduced to Mrs. Belmont, whom I expected to have found a haughty and domineering woman, to see one of the most insipid drawling creatures I ever beheld. No one would believe she possessed sufficient spirit to be a tyrant.

She drawled out an acknowledgment to Mrs. Dormer; said she dare

say I would do very well without asking me any questions, and if we could agree about terms, she would engage me directly.

Shall I acknowledge to you, my dear Charlotte, all my weakness? At the mention of terms, my face glowed, and my proud heart rose involuntarily at the idea that I was about to become an hired servant.

Mrs. Dormer, who I fancy perceived something of what was passing in my mind, kindly relieved my embarrassment by saying, as I had never been out in the world, I did not perhaps know what was usually given.

This I said was the case, and with Mrs. Belmont's permission, I would leave the terms entirely to herself.

She said, sixty guineas a-year, was, she believed, an usual salary, and enquired if I thought it sufficient.

I replied, perfectly so; and after a

little chat, Mrs. Belmont desired I would fix a time for coming home, and the sooner I could do so, the better, for she found Emma very tiresome, to use her own phrase.

I told her any time after the present week would suit me, and the following one was fixed.

"Can we see Miss Emma this morning?" enquired Mrs. Dormer.

"Oh! yes," replied the *affectionate* mother; "she is in her own room, drawing, I believe. I cannot think," added she, discontentedly, "what could make Mr. Belmont so obstinately bent on having her home from ——— Square school; I am sure I have been wearied to death since she has been here, for I have her as much with me as possible."

"So it appears," thought I.

Emma now entered, with a timid and childish air. "Did you send for

me, mamma?" said she, courtesying to us, and looking half inclined to run away at the sight of strangers.

"I have told you a thousand times, Miss Belmont, not to call me mamma," said Mrs. Belmont, with more animation than she had hitherto displayed. "Yes, I sent for you to introduce you to this lady, who is to be your governess. I hope you will pay a little more attention to her than you have ever thought proper to show me."

Emma courtesied in silence.

"Why don't you speak, Miss Belmont?" continued her *gentle* mamma. "In this disrespectful way," said she, addressing us, "does she always treat me. I am sure nobody would ever have married her father to be plagued as I have been with his daughter."

Emma's mild eyes were suffused with tears, and she stole at this invidious woman, a glance that would have

claimed protection from a savage. I felt it to my heart, but much as I wished to say something in favour of the sweet girl, I knew not how to interfere.

Mrs. Dormer kindly said, "You will find Miss Cunningham a very great acquisition. Miss Emma is just at the time of life to require gentle restraint. My young friend's spirits and temper are both remarkably good, and she will be your daughter's companion as well as governess, which will certainly be a great relief to you, whose delicate health and weak spirits render you unequal to the task of restraining a lively girl of sixteen."

"You are right, my dear friend," cried she; "but there is nobody so thoughtful except yourself. People think I have an Herculean constitution. —When you can find your tongue, Miss Emma," continued she, "I shall be

glad to hear what you *can* say to your governess."

"Indeed I will try to do every thing you bid me as well as I possibly can, ma'am," said Emma to me; "and I hope *you* will not find me a very *stupid* girl."

There was a marked emphasis on the *you* and the *stupid,* which to me was very flattering, as it told me Emma conceived she would find it an easier task to please me than her haughty mamma.

"I dare believe I shall not, my dear Miss Belmont," replied I; "next week I shall become a part of your family, and we will then commence our studies."

"I am sure I shall be very glad of it, ma'am," said Emma, with much pleasure in her countenance.

"There never was insolence and ingratitude so marked as this, I think,"

cried Mrs. Belmont. "So after all the pains I have taken with you, Miss Belmont, this is my reward."

Poor Emma looked astonished.

"Yes, Miss Belmont, you may *affect* surprise, but it is impossible you can be so grossly ignorant as not to know, that in saying you will be *glad* to be under the tuition of another person, you have grossly affronted me?"

I cannot tell you, my dear Charlotte, the indignation I felt at this abominable woman's tantalizing conduct to this poor innocent girl.

"Indeed I beg your pardon, mamma, I mean madam," said Emma. "I'm sure I did not in the least intend to offend you; but as I was so troublesome and so stupid, I knew you wished me to have a governess, and as this lady looks *so very* good-humoured, I thought she would perhaps have patience with me, and then"——

"Leave the room this instant, Miss Belmont!" said the mother, with a violence of which, from her appearance, you would have supposed her incapable.

Poor Emma burst into tears, and obeyed.

"In this provoking way she always serves me," continued Mrs. Belmont. "With an appearance of childish simplicity, she possesses a degree of artifice, the most uncommon. I am sure nothing can equal her ingratitude to me, after the pains I have taken with her; indeed they were completely thrown away, and I know it will be impossible ever to make any thing of her."

As we were not disposed to join in the lady's philippic against poor Emma, we concluded our visit, as I shall this chapter.

CHAP. IX.

Sketch of Mr. Barlow's History—Fatal effects of Modern Philosophy—An uncommon Marriage—Generosity ill rewarded—Anecdote of Mr. Clairville.

When we were seated in the carriage, "Do not let this woman's unpleasant temper put you out of humour with your situation in her family, my dear Miss Cunningham," said Mrs. Dormer; "you will have very little to do with her, and I think your pupil promises to be every thing you could wish."

"She is indeed a sweet girl, madam," returned I, "and 'tis a thousand pities she should be subject to such wanton tyranny; I am surprised Mr. Belmont suffers it."

"So are all those who know the motives which induced him to marry," said Mrs. Dormer. "Poor man! his only fault is a too easy temper. I was surprised and pleased to find he mustered up resolution to insist on Emma's leaving ——— Square school, and having a governess and masters at home; it is the only thing I believe he ever ventured to contradict his *sovereign* lady in since they were joined, not matched."

"I expected to have been overwhelmed with questions as to the various requisites I possessed for the office I had undertaken, but I suppose Mrs. Belmont placed implicit confi-

dence in your recommendation, madam," cried I.

"I certainly said every thing I could in your favour, my dear," replied she, "though not more, I am sure, than you deserve. I have long known Mrs. Maxwell, and on her judgment I can place the greatest reliance; but in fact, Mrs. Belmont is not particularly solicitous that her daughter-in-law should be accomplished; though she must be conscious that Emma's capacity is naturally good, she will not allow it, and I would lay a wager that the less credit she did to your instructions, the higher you would stand in the favour of her *amiable* mamma.

"Then I am sure I shall not be a favourite, dear madam," said I, "for I shall certainly spare no pains with my pupil, who, if I may judge from

her countenance, is extremely intelligent. But what motives, may I ask you, could induce Mr. Belmont to marry this lady? I suppose she must have been rich, for I think her less likely to inspire love than any woman I ever saw."

"There I perfectly agree with you," cried she; "but neither love nor interest actuated Mr. Belmont—he married her solely from compassion."

"Is it possible!" said I. "Then I suppose vanity had some share in it; she was, or pretended to be in love with him?"

"Indeed you are mistaken," replied she; "but as I would wish to give you a little history of the family you are about to enter, will you go home and dine with me—we shall be *tête-a-tête?*"

Before I could answer, her nephew

rode up to the coach-door; he looked confused on seeing me.

Mrs. Dormer asked him whether he would drop in in the evening, as she wanted to speak to him very particularly.

I could scarcely refrain from smiling, for I am certain, from his looks, he thought he was about to be lectured on my account. He excused himself with a very bad grace, on the plea that he was leaving town for some days, and hastily wished us good morning.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Dormer, when he was gone, "shall I dispatch the footman to your house to say you dine out?"

I thanked her, and accepted the invitation.

We dined, as she told me, *tête-a-tête*, and after dinner, she gave me the anecdotes she promised.

"The father of Mrs. Belmont is a man singularly indebted to Nature, who bestowed on him talents that have raised him from the meanest rank to respectability and competence. His parents were peasants, and so poor they could not even afford him a common education, and he was actually arrived at years of maturity before he could read; his genius, however, surmounted every obstacle, which a poverty the most chilling threw in his way to learning; and while his days were devoted to obtaining, in the most laborious manner, the common necessaries of life, his nights were spent in poring over grammars and dictionaries till he had acquired a perfect knowledge of his own language, and made a very considerable proficiency in the Latin.

"He was spoken of among people of his own class, as a prodigy of learn-

ing, and his fame at length reached the ears of a gentleman who joined great erudition to uncommon goodness of heart.

"He sent for young Barlow, and found report had not done him justice. Equally surprised at his self-taught knowledge, and pleased at his uncommon modesty, Mr. Villars warmly assured Barlow of his friendship and patronage while he continued to deserve them, and very soon proved that he meant his performance should outgo his promise.

"He took Barlow into his own house, supplied him with the best masters, and liberally made a provision for old Barlow, who owed his support in great part to the labour of his son.

"The wonderful progress which the youth made in every thing he was taught, amply repaid his generous friend; his knowledge of the lan-

guages offered him a means of subsistence at once independent and respectable. He translated some celebrated works from the French, which were extremely well received, and for which he was paid a very liberal price.

"Unfortunately for young Barlow, his religious principles had never been at all attended to, and about this time, forming a fondness for the works of our most celebrated deistical writers, he imbibed the poison of their opinions; and though he did not openly launch out as a professed champion of infidelity, his writings (for he was an author as well as a translator) exhibited strong symptoms of a tendency that way.

"Mr. Villars, who was a Christian in every sense of the word, took the alarm, and mildly questioned his *protegée* on his opinions.

" Barlow now, for the first time, discovered to this good man, that overbearing and dictatorial spirit, which was afterwards the cause of much misery to himself and his connexions.

" Forgetful of the obligations he had received from Mr. Villars, he defended his sentiments not only with pertinacity, but rudeness; and in the course of several conversations on the subject, behaved with so little regard to politeness or propriety, and discovered such a portion of overbearing obstinacy and self-conceit, that he entirely alienated the esteem of this worthy man, and very soon all connexion between them ceased.

" Mr. Barlow was now become of consequence in the literary world; he was also in fashion, which was of material service to him, and which by the bye, is not always the case even

with writers of much superior merit. The profits of his works enabled him to live in a very genteel style, and he married.

" His wife was of a temper equally gentle and amiable. She had looked forward to the greatest happiness in a union with a man whom she married from motives of the purest affection; and when she found herself treated as the slave of a haughty and severe master, her meek spirit sunk under a disappointment so unexpected and severe. She was indeed a fit subject for the despotic government under which she lived—not a murmur ever escaped her lips, and during a union of nine years, she religiously observed under circumstances the most trying, the vow she had made at the altar of obedience; but her wasted form, her pallid cheek, and the deep dejection, which, in spite of all her endeavours to conceal it,

was at times visible, proved the severity of her struggles.

"Death, at length, released her from them. In her last moments she broke through the restraint she had hitherto imposed on herself, and mildly, but feelingly expostulated with Mr. Barlow on his habitual and cruel severity of temper. She besought him to shew to her children that indulgence he had denied to their mother; and receiving his promise not to attempt to warp them from the principles of the Christian religion, her pure spirit fled to the enjoyment of that happiness which she had deserved by a life of undeviating rectitude.

"Soon after this event, Mr. Barlow married again. His second wife was a very good woman, but fortunately for herself, she did not possess the keen sensibility of the former Mrs. Barlow; consequently, though far

from happy, she was not miserable. She had not any family, but she might be truly said to be a mother to her step-children, whom she treated with the utmost affection.

" Mr. Barlow had observed the promise he made his wife on her death-bed, so far as not to pervert his children's principles.

" His son, a very fine young man, had, however, from a perusal of his works, imbibed the destructive opinion that suicide is to be defended on the ground that every human being has a right to lay down his existence the moment it becomes burthensome to himself.

" Mr. Barlow was proud of this son, who was his only one, and a most promising youth; but notwithstanding his affection for him, he behaved with a severity, that as the young man advanced in life, became intolerable.

"It is singular, that though Mr. Barlow is the completest domestic tyrant existing, he has always been a warm and strenuous advocate for liberty, and indeed if his theories, and those of some other modern sages, were universally received, we should have liberty, even to licentiousness.

"Young Barlow differed with his father about a profession. He wished to enter the army—his father proposed the law; and from his decision there was no appeal.

"The young man, who could not bear the dry and irksome study of the law, made an unsuccessful attempt to interest some friends in favour of his own choice. This the father highly resented, and for some time his doors were shut upon his son.

"Through the mediation of friends, they were at length reconciled, and young Barlow began to study the law.

"Unfortunately, every day increased his dislike to it—he became melancholy, and his health declined; but nothing could induce his father to allow him the choice of any other profession.

"One evening Mr. Barlow had a male party, of which his son made one. The papers of the day were full of a remarkable instance of suicide committed by a merchant of eminence, and for a cause apparently trivial.

"One of the company warmly arraigned the conduct of the unhappy deceased, which young Barlow as warmly defended. He possessed a brilliant understanding, and his arguments, though fallacious, were plausible. His antagonist, a plain and sensible man, was conquered, though not convinced.

"When the company had departed, and Barlow was wishing his father

good night, the latter held out his hand with an air of unusual cordiality. 'Charles,' said he, 'you were uncommonly animated to-night, and treated the subject with great judgment. I was delighted with the force of your arguments; your sentiments are mine on this point.'

"'I know it,' said the son, emphatically.

"He retired for the night; and in a few minutes, the family were alarmed by the report of a pistol.

"They flew to the chamber of the unhappy young man.—He was no more!"

"Oh, God!" exclaimed I, "what a sight for the wretched father!"

"It was indeed a dreadful one," said she; "his reason fled, and it was many, many months before a hope of his recovery appeared. With the return of intellect, his character suf-

fered a material change; he was no longer so severe, but he sunk into a gloomy despondency, from which nothing had apparently power to rouse him.

"The dreadful catastrophe of his son, and the cause of it, were universally known, and occasioned him to be coldly treated by many of his friends. To their attention or neglect he was, however, indifferent; he resumed his literary labours, in which he was assisted by his youngest daughter, of whom he had always been fond, and from this time, she became his principal companion.

"His other daughter, the present Mrs. Belmont, had not sufficient capacity to profit by the very expensive education bestowed on her. Mr. Barlow's former severity had repressed, though it could not correct the defects of her temper, which was naturally

bad, and since he had been less harsh, she had given more scope to to it.

"The snake was scotched, but not killed. With Mr. Barlow, his son's untimely death, and the dreadful reflection that he had been the cause, had softened, but not subdued his austere spirit; he plainly perceived Miss Barlow presumed, from that unhappy circumstance, to treat him with less respect than she had formerly done, and this roused all the natural acrimony of his temper in return.

"In reply to some very severe speeches, the young lady was unfeeling enough to say that she would not be driven to the same fate as her unhappy brother.

"The father, in the violence of his passion, struck her, and she immediately left the house, and sought an asylum with a distant relation of her

mother's till she could determine how to dispose of herself.

"Mr. Barlow was so far irritated by the very cruel remark on her brother's death, that he positively refused to receive her again, though on finding it impossible to provide for herself, she had applied to him.

"Mr. Belmont, who was for years an intimate friend of Mr. Barlow, made use of all his influence to affect a reconciliation, but in vain; and not seeing any other prospect, Miss Barlow actually engaged herself as lady's maid.

"Mr. Belmont had been, at this time, two years a widower; his passionate fondness for Emma, who was his only child prevented his marrying again. He was afraid, he said, that a mother-in-law might not treat his girl kindly.

"In the course of his long friend-

ship with Mr. Barlow, he had been in the habit of frequently seeing his daughters; neither their persons or manners had struck him as any thing remarkable. The youngest indeed possessed an excellent understanding, and great sweetness of temper; but her timidity prevented any display of the former, and Mr. Belmont had never seen her in any situation to particularly call forth the latter of those qualities.

"In the intercourse which Mr. Belmont now had with Miss Barlow, he thought she appeared a quiet good girl, and he knew her situation was peculiarly hard. Had he been able to procure her return to the house of her father, he never, I believe, would have thought of marrying her; but as that could not be done, he set his wits to work to consider in what way he could serve her.

"Mr. Belmont was always fond of a domestic life, and it occurred to him that a girl circumstanced as she was, would be most happy in becoming his wife, to act the part of an affectionate mother to his child,; as she had not the smallest pretensions to either wit or beauty, there could not, he conceived, be a doubt of her making a good and domestic wife.

"He spoke to Mr. Barlow on the subject, who honestly told him the defects of his daughter's temper.

"Unfortunately Mr. Belmont placed this account entirely to the score of prejudice and resentment; and as the father's consent was very easily obtained, he applied to the daughter who had actually agreed to accept the menial situation I told you of.

"You may suppose his offer was readily and thankfully received. A

reconciliation with Mr. Barlow took place, and she soon became Mrs. Belmont."

"Good Heavens! how is it possible, under those circumstances, she can behave in such a manner!" cried I. "Has Miss Belmont been long at home, madam?"

"A short time only," replied Mrs. Dormer. "The late Mrs. Belmont was extremely fond of her daughter. During her life, Emma (then a child) had masters at home; but she was too much petted and spoiled to make any great progress in what they taught her.

"After his wife's death, Mr. Belmont was advised to place Emma in ——— Square school, but he could not prevail on himself to part with her, and she continued to receive instructions at home.

"Soon after his second union, Mrs.

Belmont contrived to render the poor girl so unhappy, that she herself petitioned her father to send her to school. Mr. Belmont, whose eyes were by this time opened to the folly of his second choice, complied, and she was there for some months.

"Poor Mr. Belmont every day found his home rendered more and more uncomfortable through his wife's abominable temper, and finding Emma's proficiency not equal to his expectations, determined on having her home, much to Mrs. Belmont's displeasure; but her husband being obstinately bent on having his own way for once in his life, she was obliged to submit, but she took care to do it with the worst possible grace, and during the short time of Emma's being at home, she has done every thing in her power to render the poor girl unhappy."

"What a diabolical spirit!" cried I. "Does she live on good terms with her own family?"

"She has entirely neglected them since her marriage," said Mrs. Dormer.

It now grew late; and after warmly thanking Mrs. Dormer for her kind recommendation of me to Mrs. Belmont, and expressing a hope that I should be honoured with a continuance of her friendship, which she promised, I took my leave.

On my return home, I found Mrs. Maxwell at supper with Mrs. Dalton. I related to them what had passed.

Mrs. Maxwell kindly expressed her regret that I had agreed to become a part of their family so soon, and reminded me of my engagement to dine with the Harveys.

We discussed very freely the cha-

racter of Mrs. Belmont, about whom we all agreed in opinion.

Mrs. Maxwell at length started up, and saying we made her quite a rake, hurried away, with a promise to call the next morning at twelve.

It was near an hour after, however, before she made her appearance. She entered with a countenance full of intelligence; and throwing herself into a chair, said, with an air of mock solemnity, "Condescend, oh! inspired disciple of the immortal Lavater! to to accept the recantation I here voluntarily make of my heretical opinions on the subject of physiognomy; never, for the future, will I presume to doubt the infallibility of that divine science."

Seeing me look surprised, "I am really half in earnest," she continued, laughing; "I have just seen Harvey,

who has told me an anecdote of that really noble fellow, Clairville, and the good-for-nothing handsome Lord ———, that would almost induce one to think you a witch."

"Is it possible!" said I. "Do, dear Mrs. Maxwell, pray tell it me."

"I intend it," cried she, "though I really ought to keep it to myself, for after this, if you are a true woman, you will conceive your judgment in faces infallible.

"Some time ago, as Clairville was strolling along the Greenwich road, he overtook an old man who seemed to walk with difficulty, even with the assistance of a stick. His dress, though threadbare, was clean, and there was in his looks a something indicative of his having seen better days.

"'You are a bad walker, my old friend, I see,' cried Clairville;

'take my arm, and you will get on better.'

"This the old man with much respect, and a profusion of acknowledgments, declined; but Clairville insisted on his acceptance of it, and they entered into chat, in the course of which, Clairville learned that this poor man had been formerly valet to the father of the present Lord ———, whose service he quitted to enter into business, in which he had unfortunately failed, and at present, was much distressed.

"Clairville enquired whether he had ever applied to Lord ———, who would probably do something for him, as an old servant of his father's.

"He said he had written some months ago to his Lordship, but never was able to obtain an answer.

"As Mr. Clairville has some ac-

quaintance with Lord ———, he promised to mention the matter to him, made the poor man a handsome present, and giving him his direction, they parted.

"In a day or two, Clairville waited on Lord ———, and represented to him, in the strongest colours, the distressed situation of his father's old servant.

"Lord ——— carelessly said he would see what was to be done for him.

"But Clairville would not be content with a vague promise. He pleaded the cause of his new acquaintance in terms of such irresistible persuasion, that his Lordship gave him a positive assurance of procuring for the old man, a place in the ——— Office, which was then vacant; and extremely well satisfied with the suc-

cess of his visit, Mr. Clairville took his leave.

" The poor old man was transported with joy at the prospect of a certain and comfortable subsistence for the remainder of his days, and blessed Clairville a thousand times, to whose goodness he said it would be owing.

" His Lordship had taken Martin's direction (which was the man's name), and promised to send to him in a little time.

" Clairville took care to supply him with money for the present, and desired to see him as soon as he got possession of his new post.

" In about a fortnight after, poor Martin, with much sorrow in his countenance, came to inform his benefactor, that not hearing from his Lordship, he had ventured to call, and that Lord ——— had sent a mes-

sage down to him, that the place he meant to procure him, was unfortunately given to another person, but he might depend on it, Lord ——— would take the earliest opportunity of serving him.

" This message was unaccompanied by a single guinea, and poor Martin declared his hopes from his Lordship were very slender.

" Indeed Clairville thought so too; but he told the old man not to despair, gave him some money, and saying he would see what could be done, desired him to call again in a few days.

" By dint of enquiry, Clairville found that the place in question had been actually procured by his Lordship for another person, and much hurt at this duplicity, he again waited on him, and expressed a hope that till something was done for the

poor man, Lord ——— would, through respect to the memory of his father, make Martin some allowance to enable him to exist.

" His Lordship very *humanely* declared, that from the various calls which he had upon his purse, it was quite out of the question for him to think of burthening himself with this man's maintenance; he would do something to serve him certainly as soon as he could, and *generously* offered Mr. Clairville a guinea for him in the mean time, which *superb donation* Mr. Clairville indignantly declined.

" Poor Clairville, though generous to excess, is not rich. His heart was set on making some provision for Martin, and as he has no interest among the great, it could only be done out of his own pocket—any dependance on Lord ——— he saw clearly

was vain, and after consulting with Martin, he has agreed to pay for the old man's board in Wales, and to allow him a small sum for clothes and pocket-money beside.

"The scriptural precept—'Let not your right hand know what your left doeth,' is religiously observed by Clairville, who, I believe, from Harvey's account, to be the most unostentatious creature existing; and this anecdote would have rested in oblivion but for Mr. Harvey's accidentally meeting Martin, with whom he had dealt when in business, and who, with the most enthusiastic expression of gratitude to Clairville, related to him the story."

"What a generous noble fellow is this Clairville!" cried I. "'Tis indeed ten thousand pities he is not rich; were his means but equal to his muni-

ficent spirit, what a blessing would it be to his fellow creatures."

"It would indeed," said Mrs. Maxwell; "but as it is, Mr. Harvey tells me, the good he does is almost incredible. Remember we dine there to-morrow, and then Harvey will tell us all how and about this phœnix, for I confess my curiosity is strongly excited, and I will 'not burst in ignorance,' if I can help it; and now, my dear," continued she, "I shall bid you adieu."

And as Mr. Clairville's history is somewhat of the longest, I shall make it the subject of a fresh chapter.

CHAP. X.

Clairville's History—A Romance of real Life.

The following day we dined with Mr. Harvey, and after a little joking on the subject of female curiosity, he gave us the anecdotes he had promised of Mr. Clairville.

"The father of this young man, you have heard me say, was my particular friend, and a worthier man did not, I believe, exist. He was ex-

tremely fond, as well as proud of his son, who indeed, independent of his many amiable qualities, deserved it by the love and reverence with which he treated his father, whose will was literally his law.

"Mr. Clairville, senior, though never ambitious for himself, yet wished to see his son highly established in life.

"As his family was extremely respectable, and his person and manners fascination itself, the old gentleman thought he could not fail to form a most advantageous matrimonial connexion.

"'I do not, George,' said he, 'ever wish to see you united to any woman, however wealthy, who is unworthy of your love; and you are not one of those romantic blockheads who would like an amiable woman the worse for being rich. I tell you this

that you may guard your heart; you are still very young, and I know, uncommonly susceptible. Remember, I will never urge you to marry any woman to whom you are positively averse; but on the other hand, I never will consent to your espousing any who does not possess the advantages of wealth and birth, or at least, a sufficient portion of the former, to counterbalance any deficiency in the latter.'

"Young Clairville promised his father, that on this point, as all others, he would be guided by him.

"Soon after, passing one day through a retired street in the vicinity of Mary-le-bone, he saw a female who was talking to a servant, at the door of a small house, suddenly stagger, and he had scarcely time to catch her in his arms, when she fainted.

"He carried her into the house,

and the maid servant did every thing necessary to recover her.

"It was some time, however, before she came to herself. When she did, in a voice of the utmost sweetness, she thanked Clairville and the woman for the trouble they had taken.

"The latter said they had been much frightened by her long insensibility, and enquired whether she had any friends in town to whom she could go.

"The poor girl burst into tears at this interrogation, and sobbing as if her heart would break, declared she had not a friend on earth.

"A romantic generosity of temper was a leading *trait* in Clairville's character; you may, therefore, conceive he felt an instant interest for a girl thus circumstanced."

"Pray, dear Mr. Harvey, was she handsome?" said Mrs. Maxwell.

"As an angel," replied he.

"I thought so," cried she.

"You was, however, mistaken in one part of your supposition," continued he; "beautiful as she really was, compassion only actuated George. The servant had indeed untied the large hat which she wore, but her face was still shaded by an immense and unbecoming cap, and her whole person so completely enveloped in the drapery usually worn by the wives and daughters of middling farmers, that it was impossible to form a judgment either of her face or figure.

"Young Clairville, in the most compassionate accents, enquired the cause of her unprotected situation, and she briefly told him that her father, who was what is generally termed a little farmer, had recently died in very indigent circumstances, and left her entirely destitute, as she

had lost her mother some years before, and had not any relations living but an aunt who was a dress-maker, and lodged in the house they were then in; that she came to London, intending to apprentice herself to her aunt, from whom she had a letter inviting her to do so, at the time of her father's death; but on her arrival, she found, on enquiring for her aunt, that she had died suddenly, ten days before, and that a woman who lived with her, had, after the funeral, taken possession of her little effects, and left the lodgings.

"This story, told in the most artless manner, and frequently interrupted by tears, made the strongest impression on the mind of Clairville; he desired her to be comforted—that he would himself defray the expense of her learning a business; and turning to the servant, he asked if she knew of any decent

lodging where the young woman could be accommodated for the present.

" She replied, there was a lodging at the corner of the street, but she did not know the people who let it.

" Clairville left his *protegée*, for a few minutes, in this woman's care, and went to enquire about it.

" A little smart woman, with an air of low cunning, which she tried to hide under servile civility, shewed him two small rooms which had always been let, as she told him, to single gentlemen.

" As he saw she supposed they were for himself, he undeceived her, and mentioned their being for a young person just come out of the country, who would only want them for a few weeks, till she could be placed in a house of business.

" The good lady drew up, and replied, she was very sure her apartments

would be too good for such a sort of person as that; she never let them for less than a guinea and a half a-week, which was, by the bye, about three times what they were worth, being small, ill-furnished, and on the second floor.

"As a little money never was an object to Clairville, and as he knew that his poor *protegée* had not at present the shelter of a roof, he closed with her terms directly, secretly resolving that the poor girl should not long be her inmate, not from economical considerations, but from a dislike to the woman's manners.

"As the landlady had merely named the price to give him a high idea of the gentility of her lodgings, without a notion that he would agree to pay it. She was equally pleased and surprised, but she drew her own conclusions, and they were that the young

woman was his mistress; she was, however, determined that should not prevent her receiving the girl as a lodger, and with a courtesy and a simper, she observed it was usual to have a reference, but his honour was so much of a gentleman she did not mind that, only as she was but a hard-working woman, she hoped he would not be offended, if she requested payment every week.

"To this he readily agreed, and gave her a week's rent beforehand, which so highly pleased her, that she consented to receive the young person directly; and Clairville, in the course of an hour from his first seeing her, settled Fanny Thomson in her new apartments.

"Poor Fanny's gratitude was unbounded, and though expressed with a simplicity the most touching, there was a delicate propriety in her ac-

knowledgments that delighted Clairville.

"As he did not wish to lessen Fanny in the eyes of her landlady, he hinted to her to be silent as to the manner in which they became acquainted, and promising to see her again in a day or two, gave her a Bank-note to buy any thing she might want in the mean time, and left her.

"Clairville's confidence in his father was the most unreserved, and had the old gentleman been in London, poor George would, in all probability, have been spared the cruel blow which blighted his early hopes of happiness; unfortunately, he was not, and Clairville deferred his adventure till they met.

"The whole of the next day he was particularly engaged, but on the following morning, he paid a visit to Fanny.

"Never was he more surprised or struck with admiration, than at sight of his rustic acquaintance. Her coarse and peasant-like garb had given place to a neat, though perfectly plain and girlish dress; her fine black hair was fastened up behind in the most simple manner, and falling in natural curls in front, carelessly shaded a forehead and eye-brows that rivalled in beauty any he had ever seen; her eyes were blue, and remarkable only for the variety and sweetness of their expression, which was increased by long silken lashes of the same colour as her hair. Her other features were not critically beautiful, but the brilliance of her complexion, and the fine oval contour of her countenance, as well as the elegant symmetry of her form, made her perhaps one of the most attractive objects ever beheld.

"She was reading when he entered,

but threw the book aside, and received him with the most artless expression of pleasure, both in her words and countenance.

" He was curious to see the subject of her studies, and surprised to find it was the Seasons.

" He asked whether she was fond of poetry, and on her replying in the affirmative, enquired what poets she had read.

" With a blush, she said she had so little time as scarcely to have perused any; and he found the works of Goldsmith, and one or two odd volumes of Pope, comprised the whole of her poetical studies.

" In the course of two hours' chat, he discovered she possessed a lively wit, and an understanding that only wanted cultivation to be reckoned of the first order; and when he left her, he could not help mentally saying,

'Surely this creature was never intentended by Nature for the drudgery of business.'

"Clairville's grand fault was suffering himself to be carried away by a too lively imagination. Fanny, though at this period near eighteen, appeared to him much younger. 'She is just,' thought he, 'at that time of life when imformation is most rapidly acquired; and if her heart and temper are but as good as her understanding, what a creature might one form!'

"In poor Clairville's romance, he did not, however, *quite* lose sight of common sense. He thought the noblest present he could make to Fanny would be a good education, and that he supposed must qualify her to get her bread in a way more congenial to his ideas of her disposition, than the one she had chalked out for herself.

"Had Clairville any respectable fe-

male friend who would have co-operated with him in this work of humanity, the scheme would be rational, but as that was not the case, it was romantic and almost impracticable. Clairville, however, did not think so.

" At his next visit, he asked Fanny whether she had any particular predilection for business, and if she did not think the situation of governess in a genteel family would be preferable.

" The poor girl said nothing would make her so happy, if her education had qualified her for it.

" Clairville observed it was not too late to remedy the defects of that; she should have masters for music and dancing, and in every thing else he would be her instructor.

" Fanny was almost wild with joy, and Clairville lost no time in beginning his office of preceptor.

" Never was task more delightful.

The eagerness with which his lovely pupil caught instruction—the rapid and almost unequalled progress she made in whatever she attempted to learn, was to Clairville the sweetest recompense for the trouble and expense he was at on her account.

" He removed her to a neat lodging in the environs of London, and six months flew with a rapidity he had never known before.

" Clairville's allowance from his father, though very handsome for the old gentleman's income, would not have enabled him to support the expense of Fanny's little establishment, but that he voluntarily abridged his own pleasures ; and while he denied himself those amusements to which he had devoted some money and time, he reflected with delight, that in applying both to Fanny's instruction, he was

rescuing from ignorance, a mind formed for the love of science.

"Fanny's uncommon beauty gave Clairville an idea that his father would perhaps be fearful she might make too deep an impression on his heart; and persuaded as he was, that it would be securely fenced against her attractions by prudential considerations, he determined not, by disclosing his adventure, to put an end to an intercourse which was become so delightful to himself, and as he conceived so materially serviceable to his *protegée*, whom he was at this time obliged to leave for a short period.

"A distant relation of his father's who had always been extremely fond of him, was seized with a violent fit of illness, and wrote to request that he would lose no time in coming to Netley Grove, the seat of the gentle-

man in question, which was near two hundred miles from the metropolis.

"I should have told you that though no coxcomb, Clairville was sensible that a girl, circumstanced as Fanny was, might be too likely to imbibe an affection for him, if only through mere gratitude, more tender than prudence would warrant. He had, therefore, in the earlier stages of their acquaintance, given her to understand that his father had particular views for him in the matrimonial way, and while he treated her with the unreserved affection of a brother, he took care that not even a glance should betray a warmer sentiment of the existence of such a sentiment.

"He was himself ignorant, nor was it till he went to bid Fanny farewell, previous to his visit to Netley Grove, that he imagined his regard for her

was 'Love in friendship's soft disguise.'

"Poor Fanny was unable to conceal her feelings; and while she promised to be very, very good, and to learn as much as possible during his absence, she hoped, with an unconscious fervency, that he would not be long away, because she knew she should miss him so sadly.

"The look that accompanied her words, caused Clairville's heart to beat with a quickness not *quite* consistent with his philosophic resolutions. He strove, however, to assume a gaiety that sat very ill upon him, and took his leave with a promise to correspond with Fanny, and a charge to her to be very industrious during his absence.

"On his arrival at Netley Grove, he found its owner, though still extremely ill, not in the imminent dang-r

he had been when Clairville was written to.

"Mr. Netley's mind at present suffered more than his body. His property was entailed, but he had for some years back lived very much within it, in order to save money to provide for a young man whom he had protected from a child, and educated for the church.

"Ned Tyrrel had unfortunately fallen under his displeasure, in consequence of some youthful irregularities which were represented perhaps in too serious a light to his benefactor.

"The young man, on being reprimanded, had behaved in a manner that hurt Mr. Netley very much, and in consequence of some rather severe speeches on the part of the old gentleman, Ned had absconded, and not been heard of for the last few weeks.

"Mr. Netley, however, thought he

was certainly concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood, and deeply resented what he called his unnatural conduct, in never making any effort for a reconciliation during his late severe illness.

"'He knew,' said Mr. Netley to Clairville, 'that my will was made, but it is not too late to alter it. I shall bequeath my savings to you, my dear boy; not a guinea shall that ungrateful viper ever have of mine.'

"Clairville modestly remonstrated with the old gentleman on the probable chance of Ned's leaving the neighbourhood, and in that case, he might never have heard of Mr. Netley's illness. But his remonstrances were thrown away; his friend had loved Ned with the affection of a father, and his resentment was as blind as his fondness had been. He declared nothing should prevent his altering

his will in George's favour, and the other was obliged to submit.

"As Mr. Netley got every day better, and Clairville had made his visit longer than he first intended, he returned to London.

"He was rather late in crossing Hounslow Heath, and galloped briskly forward, when 'Stop and deliver!' sounded in his ear, and a ruffian, masked, attempted to take him by the collar.

"'The trifle I have in my possession, is not worth being violent about, friend,' said Clairville.

"'But you have a watch,' replied the fellow, in an evidently disguised tone, 'and I must have that.'

"'And that I will not part with,' replied Clairville, at the same time attempting to wrest the pistol from the man. He succeeded, but in the struggle, it went off, though luckily without doing any mischief.

" Clairville grasping his antagonist with one hand, drew a pistol from his pocket, and presenting it to the fellow's breast, said, ' Your life is now in my power, and you richly deserve I should take it.'

" ' And if you do,' replied the man, ' it will be at once an act of charity and justice; I have no wish to preserve my life.'

" At this moment, the mask, which had probably been loosened in the struggle, fell from his face, and discovered to the horror-struck Clairville, the features of Ned Tyrrel.

" They had not met for some years, but Clairville recollected him at once. ' Good God!' exclaimed he; ' Tyrrel! is it possible?'

" ' You know me then?' cried Ned. ' This I did not expect.'

" ' Have you forgot your old acquaintance, George Clairville, the

son of Mr. Netley's most intimate friend? But how is it that we meet in this way?' continued he. 'What worse than madness can impel you to this desperate course?'

"'Do not ask me any questions,' replied the other, sullenly. 'My life is forfeited to the laws of my country, and I am ready to surrender myself into the hands of justice.'

"'Hear me, Tyrrel,' cried Clairville. "What can have drove you to this act, I am ignorant—but surely you are not in the habit of committing those dreadful depredations?'

"'This is my first offence,' replied the culprit.

"'And will, I hope, be the last,' said George, fervently. 'You shall return with me to London. I have no doubt of soon reconciling you to your benefactor, and in the mean time, any

thing I can do to serve you, you may command.'

"Poor Tyrrel burst into tears. 'I do not deserve your goodness, Mr. Clairville,' cried he.

"'We will not talk about that now,' said Clairville; 'let us think of nothing but reaching town as soon as possible.'

"On their arrival, George accompanied Tyrrel to an hotel, and after ordering supper, he begged of Ned to tell him frankly how he was situated.

"The tale was soon told.—On leaving Netley Grove, Ned had a few guineas, a valuable watch, and a handsome horse, the gifts of Mr. Netley; he disposed of both, and had no doubt, as he possessed some literary talents, of procuring employment in that way long before his purse was exhausted.

"Unfortunately for Ned, he had always a propensity to gaming, and one night, being drawn in to venture a few pounds, he rose from table so considerable a winner, that he was perfectly intoxicated with his good fortune, and his success continued till he actually realized a handsome sum.

"By a transition but too common in this wretched traffic, a bad run of luck stripped Ned of more than half his gains, and in a fit of desperation, he staked and lost not only his remaining property, but a sum beside, which he had no means of raising.

"Nearly frantic, he rashly added crime to folly, and took the step which produced his meeting with Clairville.

"As the present company are not addicted," said Mr. Harvey, smiling, "to the destructive vice in question, you are not in want of the edifying arguments against it, to which poor

Tyrrel lent a patient ear from Clairville.

"As George saw his contrition was real, he again assured him, with the most cordial frankness, of his best services, and promised to see him in the morning.

"On reaching home, George related to his father, that accident had thrown Ned Tyrrel in his way, and slightly touching on his distressed situation, begged the old gentleman's interest with Mr. Netley to effect a reconciliation.

"This Mr. Clairville, senior, readily promised, and in the mean time, commissioned his son to invite Tyrrel to their house.

"It is needless to say, the invitation was accepted with the utmost gratitude; and in the course of a month, the disinterested Clairville had the pleasure of wishing Tyrrel joy on

being again received to the heart and the house of his benefactor.

"Fanny had no occasion to tell Clairville that she had been industrious during his absence—her improvements made it evident; but the pleasure he had hitherto received from the society of this sweet girl was poisoned by the consciousness he could not help feeling that friendship was too cold a name for the sentiment she had inspired him with.

"To continue longer an intercourse that could only serve to feed the flame, would be madness; yet how to put an end to it, he knew not, and nearly three months passed away in a state of perplexity that visibly impaired both his spirits and health, when an accident happened which obliged him to come to an instant determination.

"In going out one day to make some trifling purchase, Fanny met the

maid servant to whom she was talking when Clairville first saw her.

"The woman expressed much pleasure at their meeting, and was quite glad to see Fanny so smart, as she called it. She had, she said, quarrelled with her mistress the day after Fanny's arrival in town, and left her place, or else she should certainly have called to see her; and she ended by enquiring her address, that she might come and drink tea with her.

"The happiness this person expressed at their accidental rencontre, was by no means reciprocal. Fanny very justly thought that this woman would be likely to betray to the people where she lodged, the manner in which her acquaintance with Mr. Clairville commenced, which she had hitherto carefully concealed; beside, it was impossible for Fanny, whose mind was now highly cultivated, to

associate with a creature so ignorant and vulgar. She told the woman that she was sorry she could not have the pleasure of seeing her, as she was not at present in town, and rather abruptly wished her a good morning.

" The woman was highly affronted, and the demon of mischief inspired her with the idea of tracing Fanny home.

" On enquiry in the neighbourhood, she found that the poor girl was generally looked on as Clairville's mistress, but so blameless was her life that she was spoken of rather with pity than censure.

" This malicious being, who, if possible, would have humbled her to the very dust, not only related Fanny's first meeting with Clairville, but added to it, that she had ran away from the country in consequence of having, by the most abandoned profli-

gacy, broke the hearts of her parents, and that she came to town, not as was really the case, to her aunt, but to a man by whom she had had a child.

"By the next morning, this infamous tale was circulated all over the neighbourhood, and Fanny's landlady was one of the first who heard it. She had hitherto behaved with civility and respect to her lodger, though she firmly believed her to be Clairville's mistress, but as she observed, that did not concern her, and the young lady was very well behaved; but both her curiosity and indignation was roused by the account she now heard.

"Fanny was naturally proud, and had always observed the greatest distance in her behaviour to this woman, who was often mortified by her reserve; but now that she found, in addition to Fanny's being no better than she should be, that she was originally

mean and infamous, she resolved to let madam know that her affairs were no secret; and in pursuance of this *kind* resolution, that very day, with less ceremony than she had ever before used, she walked into Fanny's apartment, and seating herself, unasked, told her the whole story, concluding with a declaration, that for her part, she did not believe it, as miss always behaved so genteel, but she thought it was proper to tell her of it, that she might justify herself.

"Poor Fanny had listened in silent agitation to this jumble of truth and falsehood; she now burst into tears, and ingenuously avowed as much of the tale as was actually true; but on protesting the purity of her intercourse with Clairville, Mrs. Green observed, with a toss of her head, that *there* she must beg Miss Thomson's pardon; nobody could believe *that* was possible.

No, no; men were but men, and so young too as his honour was, to spend so many hours with her almost daily, and yet nothing between them but mere friendship! No; all the rest might be false, but that every creature would swear was true.

"In vain did Fanny protest her innocence; Mrs. Green gave not the smallest credit to her asseverations, but coolly telling her not to make herself unhappy, for she dared say the story would die away soon, she left the poor girl a victim to the most distracting inquietude.

"What were Clairville's feelings, when, the next day, he heard this infamous tale from the mouth of Fanny, and when she added, at its conclusion, 'I can never be sufficiently grateful for all you have done for me, Mr. Clairville; but indeed, indeed I cannot purchase a continuance of your

goodness at this price; nor would I, poor and destitute as I was when you first knew me, have accepted of the provision you so generously made me, if I could have guessed its dreadful consequences.'

"Clairville promised that something should be speedily done to render her mind easy; and after vainly using every argument he could think of to comfort her, he took his leave, almost distracted at the idea of the injury he had unintentionally done her.

"Clairville's father had for some months been in a very declining state of health, and the physicians had pronounced his recovery but barely possible.

"Clairville felt that there was but one compensation he could make to Fanny for the loss of her character, but to disobey his father was not to be thought of; yet if his father did not

recover, there was nothing to prevent his marrying her.

"These thoughts kept him awake the greatest part of the night. Toward morning, he fell into a dose, from which he was roused by a summons to immediately attend his father.

"A physician was instantly sent for, and on his arrival, after ordering cordials, he told George, hope was over, but that Mr. Clairville might linger some months.

"Poor George was too affectionate a son not to be heart-struck at this information, and for some time, even Fanny was forgotten.

"A note from her, containing a request to see him, brought to his memory the plan he had thought of—of a private marriage.

"He told her of the hopeless state of his father, and made her an offer of his hand, if she would privately be-

come his wife, and consent to conceal their marriage till the death of old Mr. Clairville; or if she was averse to this, he was willing to place her in a respectable family for the present, and as soon as he was at liberty to do so, marry her publicly, if he was fortunate enough to possess her heart.

"The latter part of his speech was indeed a mere delicate compliment, for of the possession of it he could have little doubt.

"With tears and blushes, Fanny declared her whole life should be spent in endeavouring to render herself worthy of the honour he intended her; and when he pressed to know which of his proposals she preferred, she left it entirely to himself.

"His friend, Ned Tyrrel, was at this time in holy orders, having complied with Mr. Netley's wish to see

him ordained soon after he returned to the Grove.

"On his friendship and secresy Clairville thought he could rely, and he wrote to Ned to beg, if possible, that he would contrive some excuse for coming to London for a short period, which Tyrrel did.

"George disclosed to him his situation and perplexities in regard to Fanny, and found Tyrrel as he expected, perfectly willing to perform the ceremony, and to keep the secret.

"Fanny had for some time past, a female servant who was rather above the common class. This woman was fixed on as a witness, and was to be the only confident, except Tyrrel.

"Other apartments were taken for Fanny, in which the ceremony was privately performed.

"Little did the enraptured Clair-

ville think the woman whose hand he received as Heaven's best gift, was destined to poison all his future days.

" Tyrrel warmly congratulated his friend, who, for some time, was happiest of the happy.

" The sudden illness of Mr. Netley summoned Tyrrel to the Grove. He soon, however, returned to London; his benefactor was dead, and had bequeathed him five thousand pounds.

" As Tyrrel had no immediate prospect of church preferment, he thought of travelling as tutor to the son of some man of consequence—an employment which is generally rewarded either by an handsome annuity, or a good living.

" While waiting for something of this kind to offer, he was much with his friend Clairville, and not unfrequently dined with him and his lovely wife.

"Mr. Clairville, senior, was now ordered to Bath, and George obliged to quit his Fanny. He had, however, the pleasure of leaving her in the house of a most respectable woman, who treated her with the greatest kindness and attention.

"Mrs. Clairville passed as a married woman, but George thought it prudent to conceal his name, and went by that of Staunton.

"In leaving Fanny, he felt a presentiment that he could not account for. He begged to hear from her by every post, and told Tyrrel to look in often, and not let her mope too much—an injunction with which Tyrrel was perfectly willing to comply.

"It is probable that this young man had, at first, no views of a criminal nature in the attentions he paid to Mrs. Staunton (as she was called), but the frequent opportunities which

his friendship for her husband gave him of seeing her, raised a violent passion in his breast, and forgetful of every principle of honour and gratitude, he dared to insult, by an avowal of his illicit flame, the wife of that man to whom he was indebted even for life itself.

"Fanny repulsed him with indignation, but had too much prudence to inform Clairville of his conduct. He besought her forgiveness in vain, and all he could obtain was a promise that Mr. Clairville should remain ignorant of his infamous treachery.

"In a few days after this, the servant who witnessed her marriage, died suddenly in an apoplectic fit—a circumstance Mrs. Clairville much regretted, not on account of her being present at the ceremony, for of Clairville's honour his wife had not the smallest doubt, but Martha had been

always particularly attentive to her, and she did not think it would be an easy matter to supply her place.

"Mr. Clairville, senior, still continued to linger, and George was never absent from his bed-side. In his letters to his Fanny, he always addressed her as his wife, but she, for fear of any accident betraying their correspondence to his father, never signed herself such.

"'My Fanny adds prudence to every other virtue,' thought George one day, as he perused a letter he had just received from her. Alas! the time was but too near when he would be compelled to acknowledge those virtues in which he had decked her, existed in his own imagination only.

"One day Mrs. Clairville had walked to Kensington, and on her way home, a very handsome noble-looking man followed her, and enquired if she

had dropped her purse, at the same time producing a beautiful one.

"She replied in the negative.

"He made two or three ineffectual attempts to enter into conversation with her, but she behaved with the utmost reserve; he continued, however, to walk by her side till she reached her home, and the following day she perceived him parade up and down the street for a considerable time.

"She was not, however, visible; and the same conduct was repeated for nearly a week, when he wrote to her, and after apologizing for the liberty he had taken in enquiring into her circumstances, and avowing himself the Earl of Glencarrel, made her an offer of his protection, and a *carte blanche* as to terms.

"Though Fanny was known as a married woman in the house in which

she then was, yet the air of privacy with which her husband's visits were made, and his present absence, had procured her in the neighbourhood, the reputation she formerly enjoyed of being his mistress.

"Of this the Earl's letter fully convinced her. She did not, however, feel much concern, as she knew the necessity for concealment would soon be done away.

"She did not condescend to answer his Lordship's letter, but merely returned it in a blank cover.

"The Earl, who had no doubt his proposals would be accepted, was astonished and mortified at the reception they met with. He wrote again, but the servant had orders not to receive his letters.

"This opposition only inflamed his passion. He contrived to introduce himself to Mrs. Clairville's landlady;

but her account afforded no light how to proceed.

"Mrs. Staunton, she said, took her lodgings as a married woman; indeed she would not have let them to any female of a loose description. Mrs. Staunton had conducted herself with remarkable propriety since she had been her inmate; and though she must acknowledge there *was* something singular in her situation, yet people ought always to be judged by their actions, and she saw nothing in Mrs. Staunton's behaviour to disapprove.

"This account staggered, but did not convince Lord Glencarrel. He thought it might be possible for a woman, even under *protection*, to be sufficiently generous and disinterested to refuse a noble offer sooner than quit a man of whom she was perhaps passionately fond. He made use of all his rhetoric with Mrs. Staunton's hostess.

to persuade Fanny to grant him an interview, if only for a few minutes.

"Mrs. Moor told her lodger of his Lordship's enquiries, and added, 'I declare, Mrs. Staunton, 'tis unlucky you *are* married, for I really believe Lord Glencarrel likes you well enough to make a Countess of you.'

"The blush that overspread the cheek of Fanny at these words, Mrs. Moor translated into an acknowledgment that the stress she had laid upon them was felt by Mrs. Staunton; and she more seriously added, begging at the same time pardon for the liberty she took, that if Mrs. Staunton was not actually and *bonâ fide* married, she thought, at least, there could be no harm in seeing his Lordship, for she was really serious in supposing it highly probable that he might make her Lady Glencarrel.

"After the noble and disinterested

proof which Clairville had given this woman of his affection for her, would any one have thought it possible that the most diabolical scheme to ruin his peace and happiness should have entered her head?

"She consented to see Lord Glencarrel, but would not then fix the time; and she immediately wrote to Tyrrel, and requested him to come to her directly.

"To him she unfolded her plan, after swearing him to secresy. She knew there was no witness of her marriage, the certificate she would herself destroy, and if Tyrrel denied having performed the ceremony, nothing could hurt her. It might be years perhaps before Clairville knew of her second marriage; nay, he might never know it, as she would condition with Lord Glencarrel to go immediately

abroad; and she ended by an assurance to Tyrrel, that he might set his own price on the service she required, since, as Lady Glencarrel, she would have it amply in her power to reward him.

"Mrs. Clairville did not find Tyrrel so ready as she had expected to acquiesce in her plan. He started a number of objections, which she readily obviated, and at last positively refused compliance, with a hint that he was strongly tempted to inform Clairville of her perfidy.

"But he had to do with a consummate politician. She replied, without any appearance of anger, that Mr. Clairville's confidence in her was unbounded, and she had only to mention the attempt Tyrrel had made on her honour, to invalidate every thing he might say against her. If, on the contrary, he would serve her, she

again repeated she was willing to buy his friendship at whatever price he might set upon it.

"The evil genius of the unfortunate man tempted him to a compliance, on the condition that Fanny would, beside an handsome annuity, consent to gratify his animal passion.

"The wretched Mrs. Clairville, wicked as she was, resisted the latter demand for some time; but as Tyrrel positively refused to be her associate on any other terms, she at length promised compliance as soon as she was assured that the Earl meant to marry her.

"She now reflected, that if she received a visit from Lord Glencarrel, it might inspire Mrs. Moor with suspicions that would ultimately lead to Clairville's discovering her scheme. She therefore told Mrs. Moor that she only wished to see his Lordship in

order to convince him that she was really married, and as that could be done by letter, she thought it would be the best way, and producing one that she had written for the purpose, she handed it to Mrs. Moor to read.

"It contained, in general terms, a declaration of her being a married woman, and a request that his Lordship would desist from any farther solicitations.

"The natural and unstudied manner of Mrs. Clairville rendered the good woman completely her dupe.

"It was a pity, she observed, that Mrs. Staunton could not be a Countess; but though, to be sure, Mr. Staunton was not such a match as Lord Glencarrel would have been, yet he was very amiable, and as what was done could not be undone, Mrs. Staunton must be satisfied.

"As she was leaving the room,

Fanny desired her to send a servant to take her letter to the post-office, but as soon as Mrs. Moor had left her, she changed it for another which she had ready written.

"In this letter, she appointed a meeting at lodgings she had taken in a distant part of the town; and the enraptured Earl did not fail to obey her summons.

"With the most consummate art, she told his Lordship, Mr. Clairville (or as she called him, Staunton) was bound by the most solemn promise, to marry her in a very short time, and but for that promise, she never would have become his. She added, that her wish to see his Lordship arose merely from a desire to convince him she was not a woman of the class to which he probably thought she belonged.

"Her elegance of manner, added to the passion her uncommon loveliness

had created, and after vainly trying the effect of the most splendid proposals as to settlements, &c. Lord Glencarrel offered marriage.

"Though this was all she wanted, yet she had too much policy to instantly accept it. She expressed, however, the highest sense of the honour his Lordship did her, but begged a little time, noble as his proposal undoubtedly was, before she could positively give him an answer.

"He made no objection, only requested his probation might be short, and they parted mutually satisfied.

"Tyrrel now only remained to be managed. He received from this unhappy and guilty woman, the price he had set on his perfidy, and agreed to go to America on condition that she would give him an handsome sum, and agree to remit as much yearly.

"On her next interview with the

Earl, she consented, on condition that his Lordship would take her abroad for some time, to immediately become Lady Glencarrel.

"This he readily agreed to, and the large sum which he insisted on her acceptance of to provide wedding paraphernalia, enabled her to keep her promise to Tyrrel.

"That serpent wrote to poor Clairville, informing him that a most advantageous offer had induced him to leave England for America, and bade him, in the most friendly manner, farewell.

"Mrs. Clairville pretended to have received a letter from her husband, requiring her immediate presence, and set out directly for Bath.

"She travelled, however, but a few miles on the Bath road, and returned to his Lordship's house in ——— Square, where the ceremony was pri-

vately performed by special license; and the next moring, the new married pair set out for the Continent.

"Three days after Mrs. Clairville left London, her injured husband lost his father.

"The sorrow poor George felt on this melancholy occasion, he hoped the society of his Fanny would alleviate. He immediately wrote to her, promising to be in London as speedily as possible.

"He came, alas! too soon. He had been much surprised at not hearing from his wife, in answer to his account of his father's death; but what was his horror to find she had left her lodgings under pretext of coming to him!

"Nearly frantic at the idea that she had fallen a victim to some deep-laid iniquitous scheme, though wholly unable to conjecture with whom it could

have originated, he employed every means, but in vain, to discover her retreat.

" A violent fever brought on by grief and incessant exertion, put a stop for some time to his search, and almost reduced him to the grave.

" During his illness, I was sent for. My sister accompanied me to town, and to her attention, Clairville insists his recovery is in a great measure owing. But what a recovery—oh! what a dreadful change had his misfortunes made in my poor friend! His graceful and symmetrical figure reduced to a mere skeleton—his fine spirits entirely gone. When able to walk about, he could hardly be recognized for the animated handsome George Clairville.

" Many of his friends, and myself among the number, thought change of scene would be of service to him.

"I could not bear to see the son of my beloved and regretted friend sink into an early grave, and though it was at that time inconvenient to me to leave England, I proposed to accompany him abroad. He joyfully consented. Our arrangements were soon made, and we set out for the Continent.

"Our letters of recommendation procured us every where a good reception, and we rambled about for nearly a year.

"George evidently found benefit from travelling, and as I saw that was was the case, I rather retarded our return to England.

"On reaching the town of ——— in Germany, I was rather indisposed, and for two or three days, remained at home.

Much as Clairville wished to be my companion, I would not suffer it, and

fenced him, in spite of his disinclination, into company.

"On his return the third day of our arrival, from a party at Baron Wurmsdorf's, he told me there was nothing talked of but an English beauty recently arrived, whom even the ladies allowed to be handsome, and the men all protested was unequalled in loveliness.

"One of the ladies declared she could not bear an English beauty, for at best, she thought they were but handsome statues; but some of the gentlemen who had conversed with the new-comer, said her expression and animation were her principal charms.

"After Clairville had given me this account, he sank into a melancholy reverie, the subject of which I was at no loss to guess, and from which I tried to rouse him by expressing a

curiosity to see my fair countrywoman.

"Little did I foresee the consequences that were to result from the gratification of my wish.—The next day, as Clairville, myself, and Baron Wurmsdorf, were sauntering in a public promenade, the latter suddenly exclaimed, 'Look, Harvey! Did you ever see any thing more lovely?'

"I turned round, but before I could express the admiration I felt at the sight of the most beautiful woman I ever beheld, Clairville suddenly sprang forward, and caught the lady in his arms, who instantly fainted. 'Fanny! my adored Fanny!' cried he, 'have I at last recovered you?'

"'What mean you, sir? This lady is my wife,' said a gentleman, endeavouring to wrest the lifeless female from the firm grasp of Clairville.

"'Your wife!' cried he; 'she is

mine—mine by every sacred tie.—Fanny,' continued he, as at this moment she began to recover. 'You will, you must acknowledge your Clairville—your husband.'

"'Pray let us go, my Lord,' said she, faintly, to the gentleman, without replying to George, who franticly exclaimed, 'By Heavens, you shall not leave me.'

"'I am well aware, sir,' cried Lord Glencarrel (for he it was), 'that you have no actual claims on this lady, who is my wife, and I insist on your instantly releasing her; for Clairville still held one of her hands.

"Baron Wurmsdorf and myself now interfered to prevent George's reply, as I was well aware of the justice of his claim on Lady Glencarrel, or I should rather say, Mrs. Clairville. I begged him to be patient, as

that was certainly not a place to enforce it.

"Lord Glencarrel appeared surprised, but said to me, he saw I was misinformed about the business, and again attempted to go.

"Lady Glencarrel was by this time perfectly recovered, and on Clairville's passionately reiterating his claim, she, though with evident trepidation, denied it.

"The Baron and myself, after a promise from Lord Glencarrel that he would investigate with Mr. Clairville this mysterious business on the following day, now forced George away.

"The manner in which he spent the night, it is impossible to describe. At one moment he execrated Fanny as the most worthless of beings—the next he was convinced some strange arts

mu t have been used to seduce her into the perpetration of so abominable a crime.

" The next morning I accompanied him to the Earl of Glencarrel's. His Lordship received us in his library. He had with him a gentleman, before whom he said we might speak without reserve.

" Clairville, without concealing a single circumstance, repeated to the Earl, every thing that had passed between him and Fanny from his first seeing her to their marriage, and her subsequent flight.

" Lord Glencarrel listened with an evident and anxious interest, till he had finished, and then said, Lady Glencarrel had told him the story exactly as Mr. Clairville stated it in every particular, but the marriage, which she positively declared was not to take place till the death of his father.

"Mr. Clairville, equally astonished and enraged at this dauntless effrontery on the part of his wife, desired to see her; but this his Lordship positively refused. 'We are,' said he, 'prepared to fully refute your claim in a court of justice, if you chuse to bring it there; but Lady Glencarrel was too much shocked at the rencontre of yesterday, for me to suffer her peace to be again disturbed in a similar manner.'

"Poor George returned home almost in a state of frenzy. He had carefully preserved his wife's letters, but I have before told you they did not contain any acknowledgment of her marriage. Since Tyrrel quitted the kingdom, he had never written to Clairville; on his testimony, however, my friend's sole hope of proving his marriage rested. In Tyrrel's farewell letter, he had mentioned that Balti-

more was his place of destination. To Baltimore George immediately wrote, and determined on instantly returning to England.

"As soon as we did, he laid his case before several eminent counsel; but they were unanimously of opinion that without Tyrrel's testimony, no step could be taken in the business.

"It was some time before we had an answer from Baltimore, and it only served, when it did come, to add to poor Clairville's perplexities. No person of the name, or answering to the description of Tyrrel, had arrived there either at the time he mentioned or since.

"'My dear Clairville,' said I, on reading the letter, "I cannot help thinking your friend Tyrrel had been an associate in the infamous plan formed against you, and as it seems to me almost impossible for you to

obtain redress, I would leave this wretched woman to the justice of Heaven, which will sooner or later amply revenge your cause; beside, what could you gain even by a verdict in your favour? You are too noble to be merely actuated by revenge, and any idea of living with her must be out of the question.'

" ' All you say is just, my dear Harvey,' cried Clairville; ' though she is still twisted round my heart-strings, yet not for the wealth of worlds, would I ever again suffer her to share my bed. But I cannot think so vilely of human nature as to believe Ned Tyrrel could be an assistant in this nefarious business. For the wretched Fanny there may be som excuse. I am convinced the affection I once fondly flattered myself she fel for me, was feigned ambition therefore, and perhaps love led her to vie-

late all laws divine and human, in abandoning me for Lord Glencarrel; but I cannot conceive any motive that could induce Tyrrel to abet her perfidy. My life henceforward, my dear friend,' continued he, 'if I mean to live, must be one of bustle and activity. I will go to America, and endeavour to discover Tyrrel.'

"I exclaimed against this resolution in vain; his determination was fixed, and when I reflected on the chearless life I knew he would lead if stationary, I ceased to dissuade him.

"As it was a bad time of year, and the weather very unfavourable, we succeeded in prevailing on him to defer his departure for a few weeks. Just, however, as he was on the eve of it, a packet from Italy informed him that the wretched Lady Glencarrel had expiated her crimes with her

life; a violent cold had brought on a fever, which, in a fortnight, put a period to her existence.

"In her last moments, she acknowledged to her Lord, the guilty deception she had practised on him, and in the most penitent terms, besought his forgiveness, which he readily granted her.

"He forwarded to Clairville, the intelligence of her death, and a letter which she begged might be delivered to him as soon as it took place.

"Poor Clairville was much affected by this news, and in perusing her letter, which contained an acknowledgment of the means by which she had accomplished her plan, he shed torrents of tears.

"After detailing the several circumstances up to her marriage with Lord Glencarrel, she proceeded to say—but as

I took a copy of the letter," said Mr. Harvey, " I will read you that part of it.

" ' From the moment I conceived this vile plan till its execution, my mind was a chaos, of which you cannot form an idea; how indeed should you, since, agonized as your heart has been by sorrow, it was never torn by the pangs of conscious guilt? When once I became Lady Glencarrel, however, I flattered myself I should again taste of happiness—I was mistaken. How often did I feel the truth of a saying you were fond of, " There is no happiness but for the good."

" ' My Lord loved me, and always treated me with the utmost affection and respect; but though surrounded by splendour and luxury, yet the voice of conscience ever whispered to me, " Thou shalt not enjoy."

" ' To add to my misery, I re-

ceived a letter from Tyrrel, who had, he said, been severely ill; and though he did not, in direct terms, threaten me with a disclosure of our crimes, he hinted that nothing else would give peace to his conscience.

" ' I sent him every guinea I could raise, and besought him, in almost abject terms, to keep a secret on which my very life depended, for I vowed not to outlive its disclosure.

" ' I was scarcely recovered from this blow when you arrived at ———. Ah! did you know the agonies I felt when your well-remembered voice sounded in my ear, guilty as I am, even you would pity me.

" ' My Lord said he believed the tale I told him, but yet I thought I saw a latent distrust lurking in his mind, and I dreaded the possibility of your discovering Tyrrel, and the open infamy with which his confession of

our marriage would overwhelm me; your looks too, Clairville, pierced my heart with a thousand daggers.—Though the demon ambition led me to the perpetration of that accursed act by which I for ever renounced you, yet I loved you; (oh! who knowing you as I did, could do otherwise?) and when I saw that alteration in your form of which I too truly surmised myself the cause, how did I execrate my own guilt—how did I wish to recal the past!

" ' Clairville, I never was worthy of you; yet had not this temptation fallen in my way, I would have made you what the world calls a good wife; but far, far short did my regard for you fall of that sentiment you were born to inspire. I was naturally proud and selfish; but you saw not those ill qualities in a being whom

your warm imagination decked in every virtue.

" ' Believe me, Clairville, I bow with more than resignation—with pleasure to that sentence which puts an end to my miserable being, convinced as I am, that you would never think yourself at liberty to form a second engagement during my life. I rejoice to think, that in an union with some amiable and fortunate woman, you may soon be recompensed for all the misery I have caused you.

" ' I write on my knees, and in that humble posture, I supplicate your forgiveness with the same fervency as that Almighty Being's whom I have so sinned against. I do not ask you not to curse my memory—I well know your nature is too gentle. Wretch as I have been, I cannot hope to be remembered with regret; all I dare ask

of you, best and most injured of men, is to forgive, and if possible, wholly forget the wretched guilty

" 'FANNY.' "

Tears stood in Mr. Harvey's eyes as he concluded the letter, and you may suppose, dear Charlotte, ours were not dry.

" Erring and unhappy woman, let us hope your penitence was accepted," said Mrs. Maxwell. " I do not wonder a heart like Clairville's should be affected by the perusal of her letter."

" Though her death was certainly a fortunate circumstance for him, he has never been inclined to avail himself of the liberty it afforded him to make a second choice; nor do I think it probable he ever will," said Mr. Harvey. " But to conclude my story.

" As soon as Clairville's mind was a little composed, he renewed his in-

tention of travelling. As he was now convinced of Tyrrel's perfidy, he had no longer any particular wish to discover him. Clairville's religious principles forbade his taking upon himself the chastisement of this monster in human shape, and the indignation he felt at the unparalleled treachery of this man's conduct, might render it impossible for him to command his temper in the event of their meeting.

" ' I would wish to visit Philadelphia,' said he to me, ' and probably New York; that, I think, will be the extent of my present tour.'

" Pennsylvania was mentioned in Lady Glencarrel's letter as the place where Tyrrel had settled, and I was happy to find George had no intention to bend his steps that way.

" Heaven had, however, determined that the wretched Tyrrel should feel the full force of its retributive justice,

and that the man whom he so basely wronged should be a witness of his punishment.

"Clairville proceeded from Philadelphia to New York.

"On his arrival at the latter city, he found the inn to which he went, very full. He was shewn into a tolerable bed-chamber, which the landlord, with many apologies, informed him was the best they had vacant at present.

"'I could have given your honour an excellent one,' added he, 'but for my foolish wife, who has wheedled me into letting a stranger have it for this fortnight past, because she says she is sure, as the man is sick, it would cause his death to be moved, though I don't believe a word of that, and am moreover certain I shall never get a farthing of my money, which I can't, as times are, afford to lose; yet I don't

know how it is, when the wench begins to snivel, and to talk of the sin of murder laying at our door, I can't help letting her have her own way for the life of me.'

" ' You would be highly to blame if you did not,' replied Clairville. ' Humanity, sooner or later meets its reward. But has this poor sick stranger no friends, that he is thus thrown upon your charity ?'

" ' I don't believe he has a creature in the world belonging to him,' cried the host, ' except his wife, and she is the cause of all his misfortunes.'

" ' How so ?' asked Clairville.

" ' Why, your honour, it is now rather more than a fortnight since this gentleman and a lady, accompanied by another man, came here, and the gentleman enquired of me whether I knew of any respectable private lodgings, as he and his wife meant to make some

stay. I told him no, but that I would make enquiry. He had a bad cold, and was confined to his room the day after they arrived; and though there is not a quieter house any where than mine, yet, madam, she seemed very uneasy, and was afraid forsooth that Mr. Herbert would be made worse by the noise, and so she got the man who came with them, and who seemed on very intimate terms with her, (though I must say he did not look in the least like a gentleman,) to go out, as she said, in search of some; and he came and told Mrs. Herbert a very plausible story of having found what would exactly suit, only they wanted to be very well aired. So Mrs. Herbert said she thought her husband had better not move for a few days, but that their things might be sent to the lodgings, which, they were, and the man, who was going, he

said, to Philadelphia, bid Mr. and Mrs. Herbert good bye.

" 'The morning after he was gone, Mrs. Herbert came down stairs to breakfast, and said her husband was in a sound sleep, and as he had not any rest all night, she would not disturb him. After breakfast, she pretended to want some letters that were in a trunk at her lodgings, and went out.

" 'We were surprised when three hours passed without her return, and Mr. Herbert still slept. At last, we grew uneasy, and I went up stairs to call him; but I found the door fast.

" 'I did not know what to do, but my wife advised me to go to the lodgings Mrs. Herbert had taken, to know the cause of her stay.

" 'When I got to the house, I found no such person had ever been there, and that the whole story of the lodgings was a falsehood; and I be-

gan to be sadly frightened, for my mind misgave me those wretches had ran away together, and perhaps murdered the poor husband.

" ' I ran home directly, and flew up stairs to break open the door. The noise we made, waked Mr. Herbert, whose long sleep had been the effect of laudanum, and very glad I was to find him alive; but when he understood that Mrs. Herbert was actually ran away, I thought he would have gone distracted; and would your honour believe it, the cruel wretch had carried off every thing of value he possessed.

" ' He declared he would search the world but he would find her, and hurried on his clothes with the utmost eagerness; but he had hardly reached the bottom of the stairs, when he fell into a fainting fit, from which we thought he never would recover.

" 'I sent for a doctor, who declared he was in such a weak state that the shock had endangered his life; and when he did come to himself, he began to rave, and soon was in a high fever.

" 'We made what enquiries we could after Mrs. Herbert, but we never heard any thing of her since; and as to the poor man, he has been daily getting worse, and I think is not long for this world, which, as I said before, will be a sad expensive job to me.'

" 'I will try whether I cannot lighten it a little for you, honest friend,' said Clairville. 'From the name, I imagine the gentleman is a countryman of mine; and if he was well enough to admit a stranger, I would be glad to see him.'

"The landlord, with much apparent satisfaction, promised to make the

enquiry, and returning in a few moments, said Mr. Herbert wished to know his name, which Clairville readily gave.

"A deep groan, and the landlord's calling for assistance, made him hastily run up stairs; but what were his feelings, when in the emaciated sufferer whom the host was trying to restore to life, he recognized the features of Ned Tyrrel!

"'Oh, God!' how just are thy punishments!' burst involuntarily from the lips of Clairville, as he surveyed the haggard countenance, and wasted form of his treacherous friend.

"It was long before the unhappy Tyrrel recovered; when he did, he fixed his eyes on Clairville with an expression of despair, and murmured a wish to be alone.

"'Do you know me, Tyrrel?' mildly asked Clairville.

" 'Too well,' replied he. 'You are come at once to hear an acknowledgment of my guilt, and to witness its reward.'

" The voice of agony in which these words were uttered, moved Clairville very much. 'I know all,' cried he; 'but this is not a moment either for enmity or reproach. 'I forgive you, Tyrrel, as sincerely as I hope to be forgiven, and I bless the chance, which, by conducting me to this place, will, I trust, enable me to be of service to you.'

" 'You once saved my life, George,' cried Tyrrel, 'and in return, I destroyed the happiness of yours; but my crimes are near a close—I feel convinced my recovery is impossible.' And indeed he prophesied truly; he lingered another fortnight from Clairville's arrival, and in the intervals of pain, gave the following account of

the circumstances that led to his present situation.

" ' On his arrival in Pennsylvania, he laid out a great part of the money he brought with him, in the purchase of land. He had left in England, a considerable sum, which he did not intend to draw for some time. Being ignorant of the management of land, he soon found it a bad speculation, and was glad to dispose of it under what he gave.

" The person to whom he sold it, died suddenly, and Tyrrel lost by that means, a great part of the purchase-money, which was unpaid at his death.

" This loss was followed by a fit of illness, that occasioned the letter mentioned by Lady Glencarrel.

" During this illness, he was carefully attended by a young woman, the

daughter of a person whom he had hired as overseer to his plantation.

"This girl was pretty, and her solicitude for his recovery made a considerable impression on his heart; in short, as soon as he was convalescent, he married her, and for some time, thought he had reason to be happy in his choice.

"Within a short period after their marriage, her father died, and she introduced to Tyrrel, the man who had accompanied them to New York, whom she represented as her cousin. That there was a criminal intimacy between them, their flight gave but too much reason to suppose; yet so artfully did they manage as completely to deceive Tyrrel, whose wife expressed a strong dislike to Pennsylvania, and teased him to go to New York, where he might, she said, lay out his remaining property to advantage.

" Martin, the pretended cousin, talked of going to Philadelphia, but said he must first visit New York. Lady Glencarrel's death, about this time, put an end to Tyrrel's annuity, and as his wife, whom he loved with the most passionate fondness, had as great a turn for expense as if she had been born to the enjoyment of every luxury, he resolved to comply with her desire of visiting New York, and trying what he could do to increase the money he still possessed.

" He told his wife his expectations from England were at an end; and they, together with Martin, set out for New York.

" He had exchanged his money for bills on that city, which Mrs. Tyrrel took care to make him turn into cash immediately on their arrival, and then decamped with the infamous Martin,

leaving the unhappy man entirely destitute.

"The generous Clairville did every thing in his power to comfort the poor sufferer, whose mental pains far exceeded his bodily ones, severe as they were; and during the short time he continued to linger, George rarely quitted his bed-side.

"From my friend's account, I have reason to believe he died a sincere penitent.

"Clairville saw his ashes decently deposited in earth, and defrayed every expense he had incurred at the inn.

"From New York, George extended his tour farther than he at first meant, and visited several parts of America, and indeed a number of other countries, for he remained abroad some years.

"And now, ladies," continued Mr.

Harvey, "my office of biographer ceases. My friend met with some singular adventures I have reason to believe, in the course of his travels, and I am certain that 'he went about doing good;' but as he now is the historian of his own exploits in that way, I cannot record them."

We thanked Mr. Harvey for his long narrative, which had indeed greatly interested, and soon after took our leave, not a little pleased with the polite attention of Miss Harvey and himself.

CHAP. XI.

I remove to the house of Mr. Belmont —My new situation a pleasant one— A proof of the amiability *of Mrs. Belmont's disposition—Mr. Clairville an intimate in the family—A scene of poverty.*

In a few days after I had dined with the Harveys, I bade my worthy Mrs. Dalton farewell. She embraced me, at parting, with the affection of a mother; and my spirits would have been completely subdued but for the lively Mrs. Maxwell.

"I am glad I came," said she. "Upon my life, one would think you were going a West India voyage, instead of residing a street or two off.—You forgot, dear Jane, (to Mrs. Dalton,) that you will see this little Irish daughter of yours almost every other day; and as to myself, I intend to be formally introduced to the *amiable* Mrs. Belmont, and as I shall be as often there as I decently can, you will still," said she, affectionately, "have your old friends near you; so don't let me see any long faces, for however pretty sensibility may be in a novel, it is very troublesome in real life, and should only be called forth by very serious occasions."

We both promised to behave better, and I went with apparent chearfulness, to the house of Mr. Belmont.

I was received by his lady, with cold civility; but Mr. Belmont wel-

comed me with a cordial frankness that reminded me of dear native Ireland, and its hundred thousand welcomes.

Emma, who was out when I entered, soon returned, and the warm-hearted girl flew to me with a degree of pleasure that I could see was far from agreeable to her mother-in-law.

"You need not eat your governess up, Miss Belmont," said she. "I think you might treat me with more respect than to behave in this boisterous manner in my presence, when you know the very weak state of my nerves; but you never shew the smallest consideration for me."

"I am sure Emma did not intend to offend you, my dear," said Mr. Belmont.

"I am astonished how you can be sure of any such thing, Mr. Belmont," replied the lady, "when you know very well that I have a thousand times

requested your daughter not to let her spirits carry her to such extravagant lengths."

"Indeed, madam," said Emma, "I very seldom give way to them in your presence."

"There, Mr. Belmont!" cried she. "Why don't you defend that?—There's a compliment! So because I do not wish to see your daughter a rude vulgar romp, she tells me to my face, I am a gloomy tyrant!"

"Mamma!" cried Emma, in a tone of astonishment.

"Yes, Miss Belmont; nothing could be more plain than your insinuations."

"My dear," said Mr. Belmont, with more spirit than I expected, "you certainly accuse Emma unjustly. She is like all girls of her age, volatile and careless, but I am certain she

is incapable of treating you with intentional disrespect."

"If you defend your daughter's conduct, I have done, Mr. Belmont," replied she; "I only know it is very hard, that with the best intentions in the world, I always offend. I am sure I only speak for Emma's good; I can have no other motive."

"I know that, my love," said Mr. Belmont, on whom the lady's plaintive tone had not been thrown away; "and I am sure Emma has a proper sense of your kindness, and the trouble you have taken with her."

"Indeed I have, papa," cried Emma; "and I am so happy to think Miss Cunningham will save Mrs. Belmont any farther trouble."

This was rather an awkward *debût* for me, dear Charlotte. I wished to say something, and I never felt more

at a loss; however I made a shift to hope I should lighten Mrs. Belmont's task, and never was happier in my life than when Emma made use of her mamma's gracious permission to conduct me to her own apartments.

I soon found my situation a very pleasant one. I saw little of Mrs. Belmont, except at meals, and then the unaffected pleasantry and attentive kindness of Mr. Belmont more than compensated for her coldness and formality.

Emma was equally docile and intelligent; since the death of her mother, the poor girl had not been accustomed to kindness from any body but her father, and she soon loved me next to him.

I cannot forbear relating to you an anecdote of her mother-in-law, which will give you a distinct view of her character at once.

Emma's beautiful fair hair was closely cropped. One day mine escaped the comb which fastened it up behind, and Emma, who was particularly fond of doing any little office for me that I would suffer, insisted on twisting it up in the Grecian style.

While she was doing so, "How nice and long your hair is, Miss Cunningham!" cried she. "I am so sorry I have lost mine."

"You had it cut to increase its growth I suppose," replied I.

"No, indeed," said she; "mamma cut it off out of spite."

"Out of spite!" repeated I, incredulously.

"Yes, upon my word," said she; "and I am sure you'll say so when I tell you all about it.—A good while ago, I was asked to a children's ball, and Mrs. Belmont's hair-dresser (for I should not call her mamma, only I do

it without thinking) came to cut and dress my hair, which was then long. I thought it looked very well; and when it was finished, I went into Mrs. Belmont's dressing-room, where there is a large mirror, like a fool as I was, that I might see myself from head to foot. There was an ornamental comb of hers laying on the dressing-table, and I just stuck it in the side of my head. Papa came in, and began to praise my looks; and I don't know how it was, though I had no intention of wearing the comb, I quite forgot to take it out.

"Mrs. Belmont came into the room after I was gone, and missed it, and as I had been there, her woman said she supposed I had taken it to wear.

"Poor Dixon cried after, and told me she would not have said so for any thing, if she knew what mamma would have done.

"When I came home, papa was in bed, and Mrs. Belmont in the drawing-room, where the footman told me she wanted to see me immediately.

"'So you have taken the liberty to wear my comb, Miss Belmont?' (for she always calls me Miss Belmont) cried she, as I entered.

"I was beginning to beg pardon, but she would not hear me. 'You have taken many impertinent liberties with me,' said she, 'but this is one which you shall not repeat in a hurry.'

"I had pulled the unlucky comb out, and in doing so, my hair fell down. There was a large pair of scissars on the table, and before I had any notion of what she intended, Mrs. Belmont grasped my hair, and cut it off close to my neck.

"I was finely vexed to be sure, and cried heartily to see my poor hair lay

the table.

"Mrs. Belmont ordered me to my room; but I would not stir without my hair, and I vowed in the morning I'd tell papa.

"I think she was a little frightened at that, so she gave me the hair, which she at first refused to do, and I went up to my own room; but when I looked at myself in the glass, I thought I should have died with vexation. You never saw such a queer little figure in your life as I looked.

"Mrs. Belmont's woman came up to me as soon as she had put her mistress to bed, and told me that she had mentioned my having taken the comb, and begged my pardon a thousand times, because she said it was all owing to her having told it to Mrs. Belmont.

"I was still crying, so Dixon began to cry too, and then I left off, for I was quite sorry to see her so grieved,

as I knew she meant no harm in telling of it; however I still thought I'd let papa know all about it, and I did not close my eyes, but longed for the morning, that I might complain to him.

"As I lay tossing and tumbling about, it came into my head all at once, how vexed poor papa would be. He used to say my hair was exactly the colour of my mother's when she was my age, and though he lets Mrs. Belmont have her way in every thing, I am very certain he would have taken my part for once; and then as he loves quiet better than any thing in the world, how plagued he would have been.

"I love papa dearly, Miss Cunningham, and I would not do any thing to render him unhappy, not for all the world.

"Mrs. Belmont's hair-dresser came

to me in the morning, accompanied by Dixon, who said mamma wished him to make a crop of me.

" ' She has saved you some trouble,' however,' thought I, as he was running his comb and scissars through my hair. I was not so much displeased with myself though, when I saw it curled nicely all over.

" When I went down to breakfast, papa looked surprised, and asked why I had my hair cut; but Mrs. Belmont did not give me time to answer, but said it was quite necessary, as it would grow a great deal better, and crops were all the rage.

" ' Fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway,' said my poor deceived papa; ' but I liked my Emma's flowing ringlets better than those little curls. However, my dear, (to Mrs. Belmont) you are the best judge.'

" I could hardly help speaking, my

dear Miss Cunningham, but Mrs. Belmont gave me a kind look (the only one I believe she ever favoured me with), and I held my tongue.

"When breakfast was over, and we were alone, she said I had done right in not informing papa about it, because, though in her passion she had cut it off, yet she had for some time intended I should be made a crop of, as it was so much smarter; so that she had not imposed on papa in what she said, and I must allow that I deserved some punishment for taking the comb without her permission.

"I was then reading the History of England, and the words of poor Charles the First came into my mind; but I was not content with telling Mrs. Belmont, 'The punishment exceeded the offence,' for I stoutly insisted I had not deserved any punishment at all, and said more in my own defence

than I have ever dared to do before or since; and by the patience with which Mrs. Belmont listened to me, I am sure she was afraid I should let papa know the truth."

Here the artless girl ceased, and I could hardly refrain from blaming Mrs. Belmont in the harsh terms her conduct deserved. I told Emma she had acted perfectly right in not informing her father, who at that moment entered the room.

"Your old playfellow, Mr. Clairville, is just returned to town, and dines with us to-day, Emma," said he.

"Oh dear, papa!" cried she, "I am so glad of it; I want him and Miss Cunningham to be friends.—You don't know how much you will like Mr. Clairville," continued she; "every body loves him."

"Emma's favourites are all para-

gons, you know," said Mr. Belmont, smiling; "but in this instance, she does not exaggerate. Clairville is indeed a favourite with men, women, and children, and he deserves it; but I believe his principal merit in the eyes of Emma is the attention he paid me at the time I lost her mother." Poor Mr. Belmont's voice faltered, and he quitted us rather abruptly.

"You can't think, dear Miss Cunningham, how very good Mr. Clairville was to papa. He was here almost continually, and I have often thought it was owing to him that my poor father did not follow mamma; and I cannot tell you how sweet a sensation I feel when I reflect, that but for Mr. Clairville, I should have been a destitute orphan."

The dear girl's eyes filled, and throwing herself into my arms, she said, "I ought to be grateful to

Heaven for sparing my dear papa, and bestowing on me two such friends as you and Mr. Clairville."

You will not wonder, dear Charlotte, that I was curious to know whether this Mr. Clairville was my hero, as Mrs. Maxwell used sportively to call him, and I was not a little pleased to find he was. His attention to the worthy Mr. Belmont could not increase my reverence and admiration of his character, and I longed for the dinner-hour that I might have an opportunity of conversing with him.

When we were summoned down stairs, he was standing at a window, with his back to us.

Emma sprang forward, and welcomed him with the most lively and voluble demonstrations of joy.

He received and returned the caresses of the innocent and delighted

girl with the same easy frankness he would those of a favourite child.

"Come, come, Emma, you quite engross Mr. Clairville," said her father; "you have forgot the office you insisted upon undertaking this morning, of introducing Miss Cunningham to him."

"Oh! so I did, I protest," said Emma, turning to me, and adding, "Miss Cunningham—Mr. Clairville. This lady has taken as much pains with me as you used to do; I don't desire you to love her dearly, for I am sure you will when you know her."

What reply Clairville made, I cannot tell. I had anticipated with the utmost pleasure the moment that was to introduce me to him, and now that it was arrived, a sensation of embarrassment and restraint, which I had never felt before, poisoned the satisfaction I

thought to have experienced. I was indeed, when with strangers, a little subject to *mauvaise honte*, but this sentiment was quite different; and despairing of appearing to any advantage, I only courtesied in silence.

Mrs. Belmont did the honours of her table with more than her usual ungracious formality. She had all that mean jealousy which women of little minds feel towards those people to whom their husbands are partial, and she both feared and disliked Clairville, because she thought he might inspire the meek-spirited Mr. Belmont with the idea of resisting her will and pleasure.

She did not, however, think it politic to shew any open slight to him, and his presence prevented her usual malignity in wresting poor Emma's words from their real meaning, so that

she sat wrapt up in cogitations not of the pleasantest nature.

Clairville, however, effectually prevented her *charitable* intention of throwing a damp on the happiness of the party. Gay, unaffected, and sensible, I listened to him with equal pleasure and admiration, and such was the magic of his manners that my awkward reserve gave place to ease and confidence.

There was no other company, and the two gentlemen soon joined us in the drawing-room, though not before Mrs. Belmont had informed me that she detested authors. Such sort of people were the most unpleasant companions in the world, for if you did not behave just as they liked, they made no scruple of clapping you into their works; and there was nothing she disliked so much as the idea of being criticised.

When I recollected that her father had made his way through life merely by his literary talents, I could not help being surprised at the arrogance of the daughter, but I had prudence enough to make no comments on her speech; and the coming in of the gentlemen to tea, interrupted a second philippic, which she had began.

After tea, Emma, at her father's desire, played several simple airs on the piano-forte.

Clairville complimented her on her proficiency, and joined us afterwards in some duets.

Mrs. Belmont, who had some taste for music, gradually forgot her dislike to authors in the pleasure she experienced from Clairville's singing some of her favourite songs, which he did in the most melodious voice I thought I ever heard.

It was at this time, dear Charlotte, that you took up a temporary residence in the house of Mrs. Belmont's intimate friend, Madam D'Alonville, and I formed that agreeable intimacy which afterwards ripened into settled friendship on both sides. From this period, you know every thing that occurred to me, but as you are such an unconscionable girl to wish all my adventures recorded, I will, at your desire, continue my narrative down to the present time.

For some few months, nothing remarkable happened in the family of Mr. Belmont. Emma's affection for me daily increased, and her father would sometimes call me his other daughter.

Mrs. Belmont, though she was outwardly civil to me, yet I saw with pain, was jealous of her husband's re-

gard for me. When I say jealous, I mean only in the general sense in which she disliked all his favourites.

A little incident which occurred at this period, gave rise to a very serious dispute between us, that but for Mr. Belmont's interference, would have ended in my leaving the family.

Emma and myself, attended by a servant, had one morning walked out to make some purchase, and returning through Leicester Square, a meanly dressed and emaciated female held out her hand to solicit our charity; but without speaking, Emma, who was generosity itself, put hers instinctively into her pocket, while I surveyed with a look of pitying scrutiny, the pale and trembling figure before me. A large hat shaded a face, which, spite of the evident ravages of sickness, misfortune, and perhaps want, was still beautiful. Her dress indeed was not calculated

to prejudice us in her favour; it was the remains of former finery, and though almost in tatters, was yet from its form, very unfit for a mendicant.

These reflections darted across my mind, while Emma, drawing out her purse, took from it something for the poor girl. I hastily added my mite; but as she extended her hand to receive it, she gave a deep groan, and fainted away.

We were very near a confectioner's, where I ordered the servant to carry her, and we followed.

We applied restoratives for some time, in vain; at length she opened her eyes.

We interrogated her as to where her friends lived.

"Ah, madam!" cried she to me, "I have no friends."

"But surely, my poor girl," said I, "you have a home."

"Yes, madam," replied she, "I live in the neighbourhood with a poor woman, who, though a stranger, has given me the shelter of her roof; but she, like myself, is perishing for want."

She now attempted to rise, but was evidently unable to walk.

A man who was in the shop when we entered, and had remained there during this scene, now begged to speak with me, and with a significant look, observed, that I was a very young lady, and he did not wish to prevent my charity, but he was sure that girl was not a proper object of it, as she certainly was a woman of the town.

I own I had, from her dress, a vague suspicion that this might be the case, and for a moment I was tempted to leave her some money, and take Emma away directly; but when I again looked at her, there was something in

her ingenuous countenance that convinced me, however faulty she might have been, she was not utterly abandoned.

"The Almighty," thought I, "has thrown in my way an opportunity perhaps of rescuing a fellow creature from temporal and eternal ruin. I have myself been an unprotected wanderer, and but for his mercy in raising me up friends, Heaven only knows to what extremes I might have been driven.—Do you live far from this?" said I to the woman.

"Only in ——— Street, madam," replied she.

"But you are not able to walk even that little way, I fear," rejoined I.

"Could not we go home with her?" timidly whispered Emma.

"I was thinking, if you had no objection to return with James, that I

would take charge of the poor thing, dear Emma, for I do not think it right for you to take any active part in the business," said I.

Emma readily consented, and James calling a coach, we placed the girl in it; I followed, and the coachman received orders to drive to No. 6, in ——— Street.

The poor creature, who was now recovered, began a multitude of apologies for the meanness of the place to which she was about to conduct me. Her language, though not vulgar, was extremely simple, and there was a rusticity in her manners that accorded but ill with the style of her dress, which I now very minutely surveyed. It was, or rather had been a beautiful India muslin, handsomely trimmed with lace, and made in the highest style of fashion of the preceding year,

with a mantle of the same without any trimming.

A few minutes brought us to the house she lived in. It was a chandler's shop; and we had four pair of stairs to ascend to reach the most miserable dwelling I ever entered. I could not have believed that it was possible for any thing to exceed the wretchedness I had witnessed in the cabbins of the distressed peasantry in Ireland, but this was a scene of abject want which beggars all description.

A few dirty blankets were spread on the floor, and wrapt in them, was a female figure who looked famine personified. An old broken chair, and a small stool, were the only pieces of furniture in the room. The day, though fine, was cold; but there was not the least appearance of a fire.

"God has sent this good lady to

our relief, Mrs. Milwood," said my companion, as we entered.

I had taken the precaution to bring refreshments with me from the confectioner's, and I now approached the poor woman, and offered her a cordial. I had some trouble to persuade her to partake sparingly of the little niceties I set before her, for her hunger was extreme.

She blessed me a thousand times for my goodness, and poor Mary for finding me out, and bringing me to save them from death, as she said.

Mary, though nearly as much reduced as her friend, ate with more moderation.

I did not ask any questions till they had finished their meal, and I then enquired of Mary, the cause of her present distressed situation

Her artless tale was soon told; but

as I think this chapter sufficiently long, I must make it the subject of another.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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